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THE HOUSE-TOP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Away from the boisterous crowd,
Away from its noises and all,
I love to recline on the house-top
In the shade of a chimney tall.

My house-top is roomy and flat,
My house-top is lonely and still:
And I often repose there in Summer,
And dream at my own sweet will.

In fancy I rove by the sea,
Where rosy-ribbed shells lie in rows,
And bathers rush wildly about
Unencumbered with numerous clothes.

Or through the wild Catskills I ramble,
Refreshing my throat at its brooks;
Or climb to the peak of Mount Morris,
That Harlem's great plain overlooks.

And a calmness comes over my spirit,
That never knows calm in the town,
And the wish at my heart that is knocking
Is—never again to come down.

But hark! there's a hand on the scuttle;
It lifts—a red head looms in sight;
Who are you, with the spurs on your ankles
Like a gamecock prepared for the fight?

"I'm the telegraph-man, and my orders
Is ninety-nine wires to run
Right over the roof where you're sittin'—
So git up and git, just like fun!"

LIGHTFOOT.

THE SWORDSMITH OF TOLEDO;

OR, THE

SONS OF TUBAL CAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVOLT OF THE GALLEY-SLAVES.

BEAUTIFUL AND bright the vast blue Mediterranean, that night of the ninth of October, 1549. The broad moon slivered the rippling waters as far as the eye could reach, and glittered on the rocks of Gibraltar till they seemed phantoms swimming over the waves. Balmy and sweet the air from the orange-trees of the main, and a sense of peacefulness almost celestial should have settled upon the hearts of all viewers of the sea. But like the one spot on the lonely waste was a black one indeed, as well physically as figuratively—a galley, painted black in the hull, with a scarlet streak along its sweep-holes, and green on the high stern and bow castles, was speeding on towards the African shores.

The wind was so light that the triangular sails, old and discolored with a long cruise, hung without a flutter on the thin, springy masts. The silken banners, some of which bore on crimson or on emerald field the dreaded crescent and star of the Moslem, or the equally awful crossed-cimetars of the Algerine rover, had wrapped themselves round their halyards, and took weird shapes like ruffled bodies in the moonbeams.

The vessel was shaped for fleetness, with a sharp prow ending in a keen edge of ebony, as hard as iron. Her rim was clean and beautifully molded as it swelled up into the two-storied house on the poop. This was even more elaborately built than the forecastle, being timbered with a strong oak, double and treble against the enemy who might attempt to board it from the waters' edge, but against the rowers, in case of mutiny. One glance at the wretches who toiled at the oars seemed, however, to suggest but a scant likelihood of their ever releasing themselves and assailing their oppressors.

There were fifteen long and heavy sweeps on each side, manned by six men mostly—at least at the waist; but at the bow and cabin by but three or four. These men were chained together, to the rough benches on which they sat, and their ankles were linked to their waist-belts of iron. They were poorly fed, unshaven, unkempt, stripped almost to the skin; their backs scarred by bamboos or by those cruel whips in the manufacture of which the Turks display a special ingenuity. They slept, when the sleep of exhaustion was allowed them, still at the oar, being released only at the caprice of their captains, one to each pair of oars.

This being a low-sitting craft, there was only one bank of oars, so that at least the open air was theirs, as were the fresh sea-breezes so delicious to the hard-working. But, alas! the same exposure which furnished them this boon was torture under the burning sun, and even under the moon, whose beams in that clime have a maddening effect upon the uncovered head and upon the unsheltered eyes.

The captives were of all nationalities, and with fiendish cunning the masters coupled together those who could not speak the same tongue: as Italians with the Nubian, the Spaniard with the Frenchman, the Englishman with the Portuguese, and so on.

By dint of these captives' labors at the oar, the corsair stole upon the ships of the captives' own countries, or even swooped down on their lands. They were used to ply the oar to bear to horrible fates the bonny girls of Ireland and Britain, the merry maids of Normandy, the blackeyed beauties of Biscay.

At this moment, with its usual good fortune, "Al Sanka Aswad" bore a weighty mass of plunder. The fore and the stern cabins were stuffed with costly weavings, rich embroidered stuffs, casks of choice wines (good to sell if the Mussulman feared to drink it), heaps of gold and silver plate.

The Black Griffin—for that was the name of this pride of "the Emir of the Seas"—under the command of the Spaniard Hassan, had gone as far as Bristol, and not only descended on the English coast, but, greedy still, had also landed at Saint Valery and stripped the church. At Dieppe, a strong sea-breeze had driven the Griffin under the guns of the Castle; but, thanks to Hassan's seamanship and the enormous work lashed out of the galley-slaves, the vessel had clawed off and fled before the armed fishermen could unite for the purpose of surrounding her.

And so there was no fear now of any pursuit, no attack—which in any case little daunted Hassan's two hundred desperadoes—they lounged about their quarter forward, perched up on the gunwale or squatting on the deck, telling interminable stories or compelling weeping captives to sing and dance amidst their laughter.

In the cabin, another such scene went on. The room was filled with the more choice booty and six or seven lovely French girls, the tall, strong, bold maids of Normandy, were seated on the folds of religious robes and nobles' mantles, flung upon the ottomans, plaiting their faces in their hands or in one another's bosoms. They durst not weep aloud, with the unsheathed cimetars gleaming before them, but they mourned with bursting hearts for brothers, lovers and fathers who had fallen in their defense, or who were forced to labor at the oars. Yes; several of the green hands at the sweeps, those with the faces pale with the loss of blood, with bound-up heads and slashed shoulders, were the kindred of these captives. And they were forced to continue their toil without remission while these but imperfectly smothered sobs came to their ears. A glance towards the cabin, and a threat in hissing Arabic split their ears; a start, and the long rattan striped their already wealed backs; or, if they were near the centre aisle, up and down which the taskmasters marched on a high plank, the cat-o'-nine-tails left a bloodier mark. No wonder there was no brow but was lowering, no eye in the depths of which did not burn the thirst for vengeance, in all that seething mass of unfortunates. Yet, even then, to relieve themselves a little of that misery, there were wretches so unmanly, so lost to all brotherly feeling, to faith and common honor, as to betray all plots for a rising that came to their ears. Not always were they rewarded with release from their fetters, or at most they but lifted to the scarcely easier rank of body-servants to the petty officers, but in all cases down upon the rebellious spirits were brought bastinadoes that made the very air tremble as if in sympathy with the victims' shrieks.

You would have thought that such punishment would curb forever the hope of self-earned freedom; but no! Man was man three hundred years ago! and—science and book-learning to the contrary—bravery, boldness, fellowship, hunger to be at the throat of the robber and murderer, and foemen of woman—these glowed then in many a breast as they shall live when our children's children will be gray.

The last oar but two—these latter being in the cabin itself, and entrusted only to proven slaves, well clad and fed, and quite the aristocrats of the crew—was manned by five men. Of these, three were old Greeks, stalwart enough not to have been knocked on the head and tossed overboard, whither were promptly hurled all the crippled, ailing or stubborn, who had toiled so long at the oar as almost to have forgotten they were ever free. The other two were an Englishman and a Spaniard, about the same age—twenty-two. Well-built, alike active and newly caught, they had no idea but that of recovering their liberty. They might be slain; but, like the old eagle, hunger nor blows, nor lack of rest could ever tame them.

Unable to understand each other, they had one language in common—that of the heart. Had the chain that united them been capable of transmitting feeling, they could not have comprehended their one desire more clearly. Perhaps, however, in the dearth of means of escape, neither would within a week of capture have set to work to influence his comrades or seek freedom singlehanded.

But Johan Carillo had been given an additional spur. From his place, he could peer into the captain's cabin by the open doorway, the curtain of scarlet silk being looped up, and see much of its interior. The sight of weeping women caused his muscles to swell with excitement, and his blood to boil, and little less was his mate affected by the sound of prayer in his native Spanish.

The upper deck of the sterncastle was full of guns, with several of the large muskets, mounted on swivel-posts, which were the small-arms of the time. There was a sort of upper story next under this, low and thickly walled in, where precious plunder was stored, "live or dead," and where several other guns were worked. The cabin, very nearly on the level of the main deck, was, as stated, roomy. Johan could see through it to the after-ports, now open to let in the night-breeze.

Hassan was squatting on a heap of cushions; his left arm rested on a large brass gun, the pile of stone bullets for which formed his throne in part; his right hand held and played with a cimetar of Damascus steel, keen as a razor and set all over the hilt with a barbaric profusion of valuable stones. He was dressed in a mixture of costumes; soft Cordovan boots, satin trousers very loosely cut and heavy with gold fretting, a crimson silk sash with threads of gold fringe wound round his waist, and sustaining an arsenal of hand-pistolets and daggers, as well as a war hatchet. His shirt was of the finest linen, worked with amazing skill, being indeed an offering of patient nuns to some cathedral that he had despoiled. His jacket was of cloth, striped blue and silver, with gold crown-pieces for the buttons. The collar was wide and turned down to show the neck of a bull, surprisingly sinewy beside the rather small head. His face was lofty and intelligent, and stood forth with its olive tint from a quantity of jet-black hair curling down to his shoulders. A small moustache in vain strove to hide his sensual lips, almost as thick as a negro's, the one betraying-feature of his visage. His eyes were black and languid when passion did not animate them.

Such was the renowned Emir of the Seas, the alter ego of the Barbarossas. Schooled by the younger of those arch-corsairs, he had chafed at the life of unwarlike luxury he had lately led, and sought to outvie the misdeeds of either. So far, he had been restrained by his distrust of all men save one; but now, sure that the knowledge of his present cargo of treasure would cause any number of buccaneers to flock to his standard, he rejoiced at the prospect of a fleet under his command.

One man he trusted. That was the graybeard who stood at his elbow, and on whom Johan's glance now fell with unmitigated aversion, hate and curiosity.

Al Mumia, the Mummy, was a very old man. The wind and weather seemed to have dried the flesh off his bones, and converted his shrunken skin into a hard, dry, yellow covering over a skeleton. Save for a fringe of gray hair which encircled his sallow scalp, he was "bald as an ostrich's egg." This natural tonsure was by some thought to be an artificial one, for a certain story made him out to have been in his youth a priest of Toledo, who had turned *renegado* to glut his greed and thirst for unhallowed things. But the Algerines, in whose midst he had dwelt for many years, avowed that *Al Lakat*, or the Unscathed—a more honorable title by which Yussuf the-Leader was known, had always been of his present age. In converse, he always seemed to maintain this impression, so valuable to a man who was called a magician.

Wise as Lokman, the Arabian Æsop, was he reputed. He chanted the dying, his spells hushed the storm, his talisman shielded the warrior from English arrow, Spanish rapier and Italian crossbow-bolt. He was himself an instance of the latter immunity, for never had he been wounded, even slightly, though foremost in fiercest fray on land and water. Hassan had been struck down upon the trampled deck, and had spears and arrows in a splintering forest round him; but Yussuf-al-Hakim had burst into the circle of dripping points and rescued his younger comrade.

So often had he dared the surest deaths, that now no warrior who recognized his vulture-like head in the van of carnage—for he never wore a helmet—attempted to bend a bow upon him or hurl a javelin.

"It is his fate not to be slain by earthly weapon," they would reason, and launch the hissing missile elsewhere. Hassan was feared as men fear proven champions; but the Unscathed was dreaded like a supernatural being whose presence entails defeat. The two hundred fighting men were as the Black Griffin were five hundred strong with two such leaders.

On the younger captain's face a smile of gratification gleamed, and he looked up to his elder, inferior only by his own wish in the command, with enkindling eyes.

"Yussuf, father!" said he in a deep, strong voice, like a lion's, "at the coming dawn we shall moor the Griffin off the palace, and present our tribute to the Dey, for his morning-meal to be well capped!"

The old man was never known to smile; a grin which showed his yellow teeth alone welcomed his adopted son, as Hassan might be called.

"Yes, though Zuheah [the evening star, Venus] moved towards Leo this night, and the advances of a woman always portend evil."

"The advances of a woman," laughed the captain-corsair. "Say, rather, the shrinking-away yonder." He pointed to one of the crouching female figures. "That maiden is repelled by 'the loadstone of manly beauty,' as the singer of the bâzaar at Kanayira—the beautiful yellow-bird—entitles me. Dear 'canary-bird,' what smiles will deck thy luscious lips when thou shalt see the pearls to-morrow!"

He held up on a dagger's point a string of pearls, as large and purely translucent as ever a seeker dived for.

"Verily, the tears of yonder weeper are not bright-er!" added he, turning his eyes, as if involuntarily, upon the young girl to whom he had already alluded.

Yussuf followed his glance with an eager eye, but shook his head.

"The *nanwah* (mourner) has a grief like Jacob's—she will not be comforted."

"Not by a *Joseph!*" retorted the commander of the Black Griffin contemptuously.

"Nonsense, father; we have seen the stubbornness of her sex before this melt at the sight of the lash!"

The old man again shook his head.

"Be content with the singing-girl, who does love you, my son. This is no *mughanniyah*—no songstress to warble at any bidding but her sweetheart's."

"We shall see. Come hither!" cried he, raising his voice, and imparting to it a terrible accent.

The girls shrank into silence at once, so much were they awed.

"Come hither!" repeated the pirate-captain, pointing lazily at the one particular weeper of whom he had spoken.

This time, a black slave, fearful that his master's wrath would be excited, stepped over to the girl and touched her arm.

"Come!" said the corsair for the third time.

Though he spoke in an unknown tongue, the tone was enough, and the poor captive lifted her head.

Her long, bright-golden hair, wet with her tears, fell down in waves a lovely English face. She sat up, staring wonderingly about her, when, suddenly realizing her position, she burst into another fit of lamentation for her lost home and parents, which made the galley-slaves shudder at their oars, and Johan Carillo's pulse beat faster than his breath came and went.

Hassan laughed.

"Come!"

Isabel Lee was no coward. Snatched from a humble fisher's cottage, but a happy home, by the corsair crew, while seeing her father and mother slaughtered at her feet; dragged to a boat amid the clash of weapons and the death groans of her neighbors vainly arming in defense, she had been flung into the cabin, alone in her grief and terror, until the equally luckless French girls had joined her in the like sad fate.

The days had passed in tears, the nights in fear, as the scoundrels made the deck echo with their carousals—one long dream of horror.

Refusing the dainties cast to her as to a dog, there was not one ray of comfort in her distress, save the neglect with which the corsair had so far treated his victims.

They did not know that, while skirting the French and Spanish coasts, all his time was necessarily devoted to his ship. There were not only dangers of the deep, but likewise cruisers of the Christians, the galleys of the Knights of Malta and of rival pirates—for these wolves preyed upon one another.

And now, all of a sudden, the sad luxury of woe was denied; and to her, weak with prayers, tears and fasting, perhaps a new danger was come.

Mechanically, with slow and faltering step, the English girl proceeded over the encumbered floor and stood with hanging head before her captor.

So calm the sea, the galley hardly swayed, and the impetus at each measured stroke of the many oars was the only motion felt.

Johan started, and his hands clutched the sweep-handle convulsively. At the same time, the man beside him looked into the cabin, and also vibrated with admiration and pity. Never before had either of those men—nor Hassan, for that matter—seen so lovely a creature.

What struck Johan, however, above all her brilliant traits and uncommon delicacy of outline, plentifulness of golden tresses, and depth of azure in the pure large eyes, was the halo of goodness which seemed modestly to enhance her gifts and double their natural value.

Tall and pliant as the lily, bowed now as she was with weakness and weight of grief, a wise man would have hesitated to touch the pride of so much goodness, virtue and purity. But Hassan was not a wise man in the langor that followed his superhuman ferocity in combat. The flush of victory over, his apathy was oftentimes as biting as stupidity itself. All he saw in this noble creature before him—which at the first glance Johan Carillo had properly appreciated as a rarity of sublime qualities—was a surpassingly beautiful girl.

Hassan did not know English; but his other self, Yussuf-al-Hakim, was a master of all the languages they were likely to encounter in their cruises, and he interpreted the speeches with such quickness that the girl had no time given her for thought.

"Why are you crying those bright blue eyes out, you little fool?" queried the corsair-captain in a rough, careless voice, which reached the after-oarsmen.

The girl's tears again trickled down her cheeks.

"Are you dumb? You have that chance now offered you when a single Yes or No makes or mars a life. Answer; you have proof abundant of the glory of my trade—would you be the rover's favorite—a sultana of the seas, a hundred backs bending to make your vessel bound over the blue waters—a life on cushions, a life of the wine-cup and the baked-meats? Speak!"

Upon the English maiden's cheeks thecolor suddenly came, and the deepening flush dried the tears standing in her eyes. They changed from the untroubled blue to a darker hue, and seemed to gather fire, like the sky its storm. Her form became straightened, and her eyes dilated. She understood all at last. There was something still more dreadfulthan loss of kindred and loss of home. That darker doom impended over her now. Her lips parted, no longer pale and tremulous, but rigid in a curl of scorn; and with an indignant gesture, she responded:

"Clasp hands with those red with my father's and mother's blood! When wolf and lamb graze on the mead together—not till then!"

Another than the rover would have transfixed the speaker with the cimetar he played with, but he was of a different mold to the hastily incensed.

"Why, I like you better so!" said he; and, indeed his careless spirit became somewhat intent with genuine admiration as he beheld the mourning maiden changed into a defiant girl. "Tell her that, father! And, slave! light the lamps! I must gaze my fill on this new-found beauty! The English are fairer than I dreamed. I must pay another visit to the chalky shores, in case I have to heave this damsel over the bulwark to feed the sharks. Yes, that's the fate, tell her, Yussuf, if she pretends to play the queen where I am master—where I alone am master of her life!"

The moon was going down. A rising southern gale was seen whisking some fleecy clouds up from the horizon. A dozen slaves, negro boys, who buzzed about like ants, lit up the many lamps of the cabin. They were of gold and silver, no two alike, set thick with gems of price, carved and twisted with costly chains, bearing emblems of priestly and of royal power. They had been stolen from altar and castle. A perfumed oil, that of the sanctuary, burned in these profaned vessels, and made the interior as bright as noonday.

Upon the forecastle, at the same time, a crescet or iron basket, filled with resin and oil-soaked swabs of rope, was lighted, and cast a ruddy glare upon the still silvered water. So near their native coast, the Black Griffin hastened to be spied, sure of a welcome. Two other cressets, set on iron tripods, one at each end of the waist, shed a flickering radiance on the sweltering men and prisoners, and enabled the taskmasters still to see to punish the skulkers or the worse fatigued. Their eagerness to reach port led the taskmasters to still further force the slaves, and nothing but the swish of the rod in the air, and the moans and groans for mercy, broke the silence of the midnight in that pit of misery all. As the broad tongues of flame, shrouded now and then in pitchy smoke, floated like amber banners over the wretches, and mounted slowly up into the slightly bellying-out sails, taken on a side tack by the vaguely rising breeze, the reflection showed a crowd of faces, each more forlorn than any one of which would suffice for a painting of Despair. Nay, one or two would serve rather as portraits of Desperation.

Above on the forecastle deck, in the firelight, a band of minstrels, furnished with timbrel, lute and rebeck, danced to mock the sorrows of the oarsman. Some of a grace of person inferior to those in the corsair's cabin, were compelled to dance and sing, as earlier in the evening, for the amusement of the pirate crew. The firelight leaped and fell upon swarthy visages, scarred and sunburnt, upon silken banners and bare breastplates, silver helmets jauntily worn caps, forming a circle round the hapless merry-makers.

The backs of Johan and Ralph, the Englishman beside him, were turned to this part of the ship; and, even if it had not happened so, the scene in the cabin had an attraction beyond resistance for their eyes.

A pause, during which the English girl's bold and prideful replies—stung some little by her determined denunciation of him as a plunderer and butcher—inflamed, no doubt, by the astonishing beauty of her heroic face and the fascination in the endless variety of her supple gestures—the master of the Black Griffin was at the end of his patience.

What struck Johan, however, above all her brilliant traits and uncommon delicacy of outline, plentifulness of golden tresses, and depth of azure in the pure large eyes, was the halo of goodness which seemed modestly to enhance her gifts and double their natural value.

The Arab, in going to the cabin, left his gangs added to his mate's rows of supervision. The mate, glancing over his shoulder at the merry group on the fore-deck, but poorly did his duty.

Now or never, perhaps, thought Johan and the Briton. The latter looked at the cresset over them, and then at the long oar reaching out through the oval hole into the luminous sea. He turned to the Greeks beside him, but on their worn faces saw no expression but the jaded one of hopelessness. They would assist in the escape, but not until everything had been done for them by others.

Meanwhile, something in the English girl's attitude had checked the corsair's sword.

"Better the scourge," said he, sinking down on his couch. "Here, a couple of you women, seize and hold her hands! Quick!"

Bewildered rather than terrified, two of the French girls, advancing amid tears, seized Isabel with trembling hands. She did not resist them, but gave them a pitying look, one of such deep meaning that they slackened their grasp, and she could have shaken them free easily if she had willed it.

But the reaction had already come after such an outburst of temerity, disdain and indignation. Alone in the world, all that were dear to her murdered on the ruins of their cottage, why should she seek to live one moment longer? By cord or axe, sword or rod, as long as death relieved her of her asylean nature, a few seconds of torture more or less could little weigh with her. She seemed almost to offer herself to the flagellator with a martyr's eagerness.

For an instant her fate hung on the captain's lips. It was a pleasure in delaying her sentence, or rather its execution, seeking to read on her face a trace of weakness and a return to the usual suppliant nature of women. But if she blenched, it was with physical dejection, not from any fear of coming agony.

"It's a pity," muttered he, struggling between his anger and his admiration of her coyness. "She would adorn a harem! Tell her, Yussuf, my father—since she must bow to me, before or after scourging—if she will beg my mercy now, I may lift her up!"

Isabel, who knew not the words, but understood the tone from the significant look which accompanied it, raised her hand to heaven, thrusting aside in the movement the weeping woman who had grasped it, and said:

"Dog, do your worst! I shall be avenged!"

And leaning forward, she added in fervent belief, like a prophetess:

"Beware, I am not your last victim, hound of an unbeliever in the one true faith!"

Yussuf hastily repeated the words; but before he had finished, a gesture from Hassan had made the man raise his rod for a terrible blow.

But at that very moment, a crackling sound, followed by a loud snap, almost like that of a yard split asunder, rent the air.

Johan and Ralph, wrenching their oar from the Greek's hands, had let it hold water, and the pressure had broken it off, like a finger-bone, in the hole, leaving a thick round bar, the handle some eight feet long, in their grasp. Without stopping for another blow, they sprang—dragging their chained comrades with them—upon the guard nearest them, and snatched his weapons from him. In his girdle was a war-hatchet.

One! Ralph had snatched it thence. *Two!* he brained the man as one splits a melon. *Three!* he smote the man in two that coupled him and Johan. The latter, seizing up the fragment of the oar as a giant might a tree, paused not for friend or foe, but charged over the benches straight through the cabin doorway.

Struck in the back, even while his rod was impending over the dauntless maiden, the executioner was hurled forward, like a missile from a catapult. With a broken spine, he fell into the lap of Hassan and rolled him over to the floor.

Yussuf, though taken by surprise, seized the first weapon lying at hand, but grasped it only in time to parry the fearful lunge which the desperate Spaniard made at him with his tremendous arms. An ox must have been staggered. Yussuf, but partly breaking the force of the assault, was thrown against the bulkhead with a paralyzed shoulder. The spar ran by him, rebounded from a gun-carriage, and burst through the curtain of a post into the waters below. Disarmed, Johan had time but for one glance. A wild outburst of horror and dismay within the midships, and a frantic shout of defiance from the Englishman, proved that Johan's chain-companion was not losing time in some wild enterprise he had conceived.

The cabin was full of slaves, black and yellow faces, undoubted enemies.

With the speed of a hawk swooping down upon a dove, the Spaniard flew to Isabel's side. He passed an arm around her, and, pushing aloof the women, dragged her to the doorway at the end of the cabin.

There was a gallery there, beyond which the bulwarks terminated in a turret-house, where the helmsman was sheltered from arrow and storm. On either hand, the gallery ended in a high rail, open otherwise to the water.

"Follow who dares!" shouted Johan Carillo; and, with his lovely burden, he leaped the rail and plunged into the sea.

CHAPTER II.

THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

That splash was unheard by all forward, and would have been unheeded if doubly heard. For Ralph was cutting out work for all the crew of the Black Griffin.

"Arouse, ye! arouse and do the like!" roared he, leaping about among the rowers, the axe flashing as he stopped to sever a chain, and dripping blood as he lifted it after fleshing it in a corsair's head or breast.

Such of the slaves as could imitate him waited not for his coming. They broke the oars, they ripped up the benches, they burst their chains, and turned them into weapons. In two seconds, one would say, the tables were turned. The Turks and Arabs were flying for their lives on every side, pursued by the uprisen slaves, over whom too long they had tyrannized. But in that pit of slaughter there was no escape from the avenging arms save in the sea, which had received Isabel and her deliverer. Whoso shrank from leaping the gunwale fell under the merciless vengeance. The first to recover from his surprise was Yussuf. Hassan was stunned; but the old man, though maimed in one arm, trailed a gun forward through the cabin doorway alee, and fired a pistolet at the priming. Little he recked that he was slaying his own men along with the rebels. The thundering discharge at so close a range moved a path through all obstacles. Threescore men, Algerines or slaves, fell like the dead where that volley of stones and bullets swept on. The forecastle, which had received the missile that had passed through the heads and bodies of the victims, shook and split in a dozen places. The men on its deck, just at the moment when their perfect coolness was most wanted, lost all control of self at this event.

That was the very instant that Ralph could have desired. He saw the value, like a born general.

"Upon them!" shouted he, waving his gory hatchet. "Up and slay to the uttermost!"

But the slaves hesitated. To climb the ladders to the foredeck in the teeth of a full band of fully-armed men, thrice their number, seemed greater madness than what they had accomplished.

"But you must come!" cried the Briton.

He stood by the forward cresset. One push, and the basket of burning coals and balls of blazing tarrope rolled upon the deck among the splintered benches. A column of smoke arose at once, and then he shouted cheerily:

"Follow and look no time!"

They saw him going to the ladder, brandishing his hatchet. At the same instant, Hassan and his slaves bounded out of the cabin, sabre in hand and dagger-of-mercy between the teeth, like demons.

Up flashed the flames. The deck was fired for three yards square! Then in the weather doorway of the cabin appeared the bronze mouth of the fellow-cannon to that which had spouted its spite, and behind it Yussuf's vulture-like head, shining in the light of a blazing brand.

Thus threatened, the galley-slaves preferred the chance of safety a capture of the forecastle might afford. A few turned like tigers on Hassan and his band, but were slain off-hand as a cat kills mice. But the others had already seized the ladders and the casings and hurriedly mounted to join Ralph, who, alone, was struggling with twenty ruffians on the upper deck. Fighting for freedom, with human tigers before and behind them, no marvel that the forlorn wretches outdid recorded feats of daring. Some still were coupled together, unable to part their chains; others were unarmed; the rest armed with but impromptu weapons. But all saw the fellow-countryman of Isabel clearing his way thro' the scoundrels, and they sought to second his superhuman deeds.

It was horrible. The cabin was deserted, save by the frantic captive women, who ran to and fro, screaming and wringing their hands. Amidships, the fire was gaining ground each moment, the fire-balls rolling to leeward as the galley careened slightly in the strengthening wind. There, the corsair-captain and his ingrate slaves were mercilessly finishing the oarsmen held to their seats by their chains or by their wounds. Upon the foredeck the galley slaves were intermingled with the pirates—many striking their own friends down in the heat of the combat and smoke from the fire. The differences of language rendered the conflict all the more terrible.

The fire and the beacon on the prow prevented any of the antagonists perceiving the setting of the moon, the spreading of the clouds, and the coming of that darkness which in some latitudes precedes the dawn. But Johan, who had swum a long distance, and, coming within a few yards of him, when he returned to the surface and had secured Isabel to it, could more leisurely observe all this. When he heard the cannon boom, he had at first imagined that a barrel of powder had exploded; but the whistling of the projectiles, and their crash into the forecastle, had sufficiently told the story. When the cresset had been overturned and had fired the deck, Johan ached in heart at the suffering which he knew must ensue. When the sound of combat came to his ears—for he had of course drifted to leeward of the galley—he burned to reach her and help his fellows, whose prompt recourse to arms, when wearied, emaciated and terror-ridden, was no hope to them, and an appeal for wilting hearts to join them.

Indeed, since Isabel, stunned by the shock of the plunge, was secured to the oar so that she would not slip from it and sink, he need not remain with her. He had thrown off his shirt, his only upper garment, for the swim, when something like a human head, of a wedge shape, rose out of the wave in the distance where the waning moonbeams played fadingly on the ripple. It bore down towards the vessel, but slowly and with dubious circlings, as if afraid of the fire that rose from her middle.

It was a shark! They abound in those warm and pleasant waters, and the wonder was that the phosphorescent surface was not dotted with their dark forms.

To leave the girl undefended against this terrible creature was not to be thought of, though he acknowledged to himself that there was little he could do in that element native to the new enemy.

Meanwhile the galley, having lost its chief propelling power, and the wind not having yet more than enough force to fill the flapping sails by fits and starts, was incapable of being governed by the bowl-shaped steerman. All he could do was to continue his course as before, while falling off slightly from the wind so as to keep it on the stern quarters.

Through sheer uneasiness, a pause came in the fierce struggle. The mass of pirates confronted the small but compact body of rebels, armed now with weapons torn from the dead, and, for the most part, bleeding from a number of more or less severe wounds, was as daring as at the first. But, a little coolness having come with falling powers, he saw that victory against such odds was impossible. Yet a little more, and he must have won. Alas! he and his were betrayed. Even while he had Hassan at his feet, followers succeeded in climbing the ladders, for here the revolters had the vantage-ground. But they continued to harrass them sorely, all the more because the fire in their rear naturally quickened their movements. That fire cut off Yussuf from his friends.

A little longer, and the battle would be over with a lucky stroke. She now was all but burnt in two. Steadily did the flames creep up the deck under cover of the high bulwarks, to windward, sparing none in its advance. Happily, the cimetars of Hassan's party had made feelingless corpses of the men unable to free themselves of their fetters. Nevertheless, as the bodies were veiled by the smoke, the picture seemed that of the infernal regions.

Once Ralph thought he heard a call out at sea, and he glanced all about him; but gloom had fallen on the waters, and he could not see whether his comrade remained above the billows or not. Nor had he time to lament his loss. Brief their meeting, speedy their parting!

Behind his opponents he espied the usual pyramid of the stone balls used for great guns, and some canvas bags containing powder. Sure that victory could not be his, he wished to make certain of revenge. And raising his hoarse voice once more, he lifted again, as if untired, his dreaded axe.

"Sus!" cried he; "*adelante!* forward! *en avant!* down with the cutthroats!"

And setting the example, he shivered to atoms a cutlass that was thrust at him, and hurled the unlucky wielder of it to the lower deck. All gave way before him, and the two who yet stood between him and the powder-sacks fell over the rail in their terror at his infuriated charge. He stooped, he hurled his axe at the foe, and rose with a bag in either hand.

None divined his purpose, as he stood, midway between the beacon on the prow and the conflagration—as it now had become, no longer sending up volumes of dry, thin smoke and bright yellow flame, but black vapor spangled with innumerable sparks.

"Into the water!" cried Ralph, "all ye who care for life!"

And even as he dropped one bag into the fore-beacon, and flung the other down into the burning chasm, he took a long, tiger-like spring, and, seizing Hassan in his arms, carried him overboard in one impetuous flight.

Hassan had mounted to the forecastle just in time to meet this antagonist.

Instantaneously a double detonation rent the air. The sack of powder, falling in the fire-cage, flared up at once, and blew a huge fragment out of the deck by the foresprit. Down came the spar, with the rover's yellow flag emblazoned with the sable Griffin, and helped to clear the floor of the unfortunates not disabled by the explosion. The other bag, caught by the flames before it reached the charred hold, burst in midair, and disrupted the side below water-mark in three several places. Immediately, a loud hissing, as of a nest of serpents disturbed from repose, was heard, and the black and pitchy fumes were mixed with columns of blue steam.

The cheers and shouts of battle were hushed, and cries for mercy and groans of anguish took their place.

The set of the currents had caused the floating Spaniard, with Isabel upon the spar he guarded, and the vessel to describe two segments of a circle, as if to bring them into contact.

Though all in obscurity himself, Johan saw the horrible catastrophe on board of the Sanka Aswad but too clearly. He even recognized Ralph in that one brief period when the latter had stood in the full glare of the fire, the bags of powder in his hands, unable to divine his purpose at that instant; but the next had fully revealed it, when the double shock seemed to shake the rising waves, and for a space to still them.

The sharks—for two more had joined the first one, which had so nearly approached between the ship and Johan as to make the latter gnash his teeth in despair at being weaponless—were frightened by this thundering roar and the pillar of sparks and smoke which rose aloft and fell in showers of spray and scorching flakes. They turned and fled. But the Spaniard heeded them not. Distressed to find Isabel in a swoon like death, the effect of exhaustion and the sudden immersion, he was yet more attracted towards the galley.

TO BE CONTINUED

THEATRES AND HALLS OF AMERICA.
No. 17.—McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

CRITICISM: TRUE AND FALSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"The natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire;
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and *having power*,
To enforce the wrong for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?"
—COWPER.

The critic is a self-constituted judge. The audience comprise the jury, and the actor is the prisoner at the bar. The jury bring in their verdict, and in nine cases out of ten the judge passes sentence in direct opposition to such verdict—I mean theatrically speaking.

Now, why is this? Simply because the people have no prejudices either for or against, and the critic has, and allows that prejudice to stand like a stone wall between him and the sun. In conversing with a gentleman of the press a short time ago, I remarked:

"Mention one man who is a capable and thoroughly conscientious critic. Is So-and-so?"

"N-no," he replied.

"Is this one?"

"I cannot say that he is."

"Is that one?"

"He is a very capable man, but ——"

"Oh! there is a 'but' then? I see how it is. You would say that he allows himself to praise his acquaintances, and blackguards those whom he has not the good or ill fortune to know."

"Exactly."

I maintain that it is the duty of the true critic to commend a worthy effort of every actor entrusted with lines or business. If the manager deems a supernumerary worthy of being entrusted with three lines which are more or less important, and such supernumerary acquits himself creditably, it is but an act of justice, and actually a duty, when writing an article on the production of a piece, to mention such a fact. How small an item it is to the critic, but of what vast importance the word of encouragement is to the young man just entering the profession.

How often have we heard of Macready practicing the pronunciations of the word "murder" as spoken in "Macbeth." How many times he repeated the word with different accents, modulations and intonations, until he was satisfied. Can anyone tell how many times the ambitious utility man repeats the first three words he is permitted to speak in a legitimate production? He stands before the mirror and watches every muscle of his face—he learns to bow gracefully, to turn easily, and to not fall over his own foot. At rehearsal he is nervous and his voice husky, and the wisecares shake their heads, and mutter "Umph!" Night comes, and in a full, clear tone that is heard distinctly in every part of the crowded house he speaks his allotted line.

It was a revelation. No one ever thought there was any meaning in the line before, the star had more than once thought of cutting out the line as meaningless; but behold! what the star had failed to perceive, the boy had grasped.

Eagerly the next morning he rushes for the critique, and finds every soul mentioned except himself. The star may perhaps have made a great failure of his part, but has a half-column puff, while a true success, because it was made by an unknown young man, is left unnoticed. When this is continued day after day, he eventually becomes discouraged, and retires in disgust. How small a thing is a kind word, and how highly prized by one in an humble situation!

How are actors made? Surely not in a day. Your true actor starts at the foot of the ladder and works up, and the word of encouragement is payment for his toil and hours of weary study, when, Heaven knows, the salary he receives is but small recompense. No one but an actor knows how difficult and disagreeable some of the minor parts of the drama really are. Parts in which the leading man might fail, the minor member of the company is expected to be perfect, and his reward is—to have his labor for his pains.

Is the manager of to-day deceived by the glowing notices of an enthusiastic young man? No! He can scent favor at a league's distance. Puffing is not criticism. Criticism is an art.

Where criticism is needed, let it be applied to high or low. Where praise is deserved, let it be given. Let us look at criticism as applied to the older members of the profession.

Here is an actor of threescore years, who has grown gray, and from gray to bald, in the profession. He has played under all the distinguished actors of his time. His style is finished, natural, almost perfect. He has met with the approval of the greatest censors of his time. "His name is great in mouths of wisest censure." For some fancied slight, young Never-forgive of *The Daily Planet*, "armed with a little brief authority," dips his quill in gall and produces bitter articles on a truly great man. He says Mr. What's-his-name is crude, angular, awkward, spasmodic, and irregular. Let Mr. Neverforgive take the book and study the character for a short hour, and see then if Mr. What's-his-name has not made more of it than even the author ever dreamed could be done.

Remember, the pearl is concealed in the foul-looking oyster, the diamond is an unsightly stone out of its setting—it is the skilled hand that brings its beauty to the light. The greatest statesman may once have been a dirty, ragged boy. It is encouragement and opportunity that develop the intellect and bring out the beauties of the mind—like the tender fruit-tree, which, if nursed and cared for, produces the richest fruit; but, if neglected and abused, e'en must die. Let the motto be "*Du fort au faible.*

Boston, Oct. 12, 1874. DON CARLOS.

HOW MRS. O'FLARITY BECAME A WIDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK C

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

JOSEPHUS, Boston.—It was not meant, as an essential condition, that nine innings constitute a game. Five or fifty will answer as well. The principle upon which the decision was rendered is the same as that which would have governed had you bet merely that the Atlantics would beat the Bostons. Ten innings were played, the score was tied, and you would have lost for the reason that the Atlantics had not been beaten the Bostons. It does not alter the case because you bet that the Bostons would win by three runs. What you meant when you laid the wager was that, no matter how many innings were called the ball the legal number of five necessary to bind the bet, the Bostons would be ahead at the close by at least three runs; and you had more than the average chance to win the bet, because there were ten innings played, instead of nine, the usual number. On the same principle, your opponent in the bet had the worst of it; for if, at the end of the ninth inning the Bostons were two ahead, you would have lost, whereas, the ninth showing a tie, another inning had to be played, which was wholly to the disadvantage of the opposing bettor, as no number of runs that the Atlantics could have made would have helped him, while an excess of one run by the Bostons in that inning would have transformed you from a loser into a winner. Assuredly you have no cause to complain.

CONSTANT READER, Troy.—Had you asked the stage pronunciation in the first place, you would have ignored both as and yourself rather badly. It is *ba-la*, the *a* long, rather than broad. In the other cases cited, it is "ladies of the (good English) balla" (good French), and "balla (French) masquerader" (English)—result, no language at all. As to your question of usage, nine-tenths of the people will be governed by what they hear; but the schools, rather than alone by what he knows (though, rather than appear discontented or pedantic, he will call Mr. Cook "Mr. Ker-hook," if he finds himself in the company of persons who affect "Ker-hook"), will discard all such words of uninteresting sound as *debaw* (*débat* but) as *billet-doux* ("doucks"), *protege* and *decor*, when he is speaking or writing English; and, if he uses ballet, billet, piquant, dormant, etc., will give them the logical English sound when he is speaking English, and the peculiar French sound when he is speaking French. Hautree was speaking French, Forrest and D'Arcy were speaking English. The first had stage usage on his side, while the second had on his both common sense and the bulk of lexicographers. On the professional stage these little differences can be regulated by salary, so to speak, but it is not clear how they can be toned down among amateurs, as in this instance, unless by a club.

FALL RIVER.—"On the eighth inning of a game the score stood Troy, 7; Resolute 5; and the Resolute went to the bat, made one run and had two men out and a man at the bat, when a dispute arose concerning the number of strikes on the part of the batsman, the umpire calling 'strike,' 'foul,' and ent. He, he waver, immediately called the ball decision, saying that he had not called 'play,' and ordered the man who had come to the bat to go back and allow the Troy game to finish, which he refused to do, and had the game by 6 to 7. Now please decide." "Play" not having been called, the delivery of the ball and the batting and fielding result were null and void, according to the letter as well as spirit of the law; the Troys had no right to refuse to play, and by so doing forfeited the game, 9 to 0.

RUTGER, Chicago.—It is a draw. The fine point, that the candidate was ineligible and had to withdraw, does not alter the case because you bet that the Bostons would win by three runs. What you meant when you laid the wager was that, no matter how many innings were called the ball the legal number of five necessary to bind the bet, the Bostons would be ahead at the close by at least three runs; and you had more than the average chance to win the bet, because there were ten innings played, instead of nine, the usual number. On the same principle, your opponent in the bet had the worst of it; for if, at the end of the ninth inning the Bostons were two ahead, you would have lost, whereas, the ninth showing a tie, another inning had to be played, which was wholly to the disadvantage of the opposing bettor, as no number of runs that the Atlantics could have made would have helped him, while an excess of one run by the Bostons in that inning would have transformed you from a loser into a winner. Assuredly you have no cause to complain.

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Oct. 21 and 22, the second race having been postponed by reason of darkness on the first day. In the second event Chelsea horses alone contended—$300 to first event Chelsea horses alone contended—$300 to first, $150 to second, $50 to third. Prince won the first, second, third, and fourth heats, and Jeff the first, second, third, and fourth heats, and Jeff the first, while Billy came in third. Time, 2:50, 2:51 2:51, while Billy came in third. Time, 2:50, 2:51 2:51, 2:52½. The next was for horses owned in Charles-2:52½. The next was for horses owned in Charlestown, for $200 and $100, and was won by H. B. Curtown, for $200 and $100, and was won by H. B. Curtier's bk. g. Bunker Hill, John Mills taking the first rier's bk. g. Bunker Hill, John Mills taking the first and second heats. Time, 2:57½, 2:53, 2:51, 2:51, and second heats. Time, 2:57½, 2:53, 2:51, 2:51, 2:58¾.

FOUR-MILE-HEAT RACE IN CALIFORNIA.—The entries for the great race of four-mile heats, for a purse of $25,000 in gold, to be run at San Francisco on Nov. 14, under the auspices of the Pacific Jockey Club, closed on Oct. 20, and the following are officially announced: Thad Stevens, Joe Daniel, Katie Pease, Hubbard, Henry, Alpha, Hocking and Hardwood. Other entries from the East and Oregon have been made by telegraph, but the names of the horses are not yet made known. It is believed that Mr. Bigham's horse Foster, aged, by Lexington out of Vetham's horse Foster, aged, by Lexington out of Vetroma (Vauxhall's dam), now in Oregon, has been entered.

EXTRA DAY AT JEROME PARK.—The American Jockey Club announce an extra day's programme of racing at Jerome Park, to take place on Saturday, Oct. 31. It comprises a steeplechase for a purse of $500, for which $200 to the second horse; a gentleman's hack race for a silver cup, value $300; a mile and an eighth handicap race, and a hurdle race. A match for $5,000, two miles, between Acrobat, the winner of the Jerome Stakes, and Vandalite, the winner of the Dixie Stakes, is also contemplated; the former to carry 110lb. and the latter 107lb. Such a contest would prove one of the most sensational races of the year.

TRAINING CHANGES.—Mr. Ben Pryor, the veteran trainer of Lexington in all his races, retires from the charge of Mr. Belmont's stables at the close of this season, as well as from the turf, with which, both in this country, France and England, he has been associated for nearly half a century. He retires to his re-plantation near Natchez, carrying with him the respect and esteem of all who know him. He is succeeded at the nursery stables, Babylon, by Mr. Jacob Pincus, who trained for Mr. Belmont previous to the engagement of Mr. Pryor, and in whose able hands the maroon and crimson belt were successful, carrying off everything before them.

RACING AT TORONTO, ONT.—A dispatch dated Oct. 24 says: "At the Carlton Park races yesterday the attendance was good, Lieutenant-governor Crawford and many prominent sportsmen being present. The hurdle race was won by Helen Bennett, Frank Ross being second. The handicap race, for Dominion-bred horses only, was won by Jim Christie. The steeplechase was won by Gladiator."

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.—On Wednesday, Oct. 21, a sweepstake purse of $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, was trotted for at Fleetwood Park; the contestants being W. Weeks' bay gelding Frank Wood; J. Murphy's brown mare Lady Dehlman, and J. Olicutt's gray gelding Bolly Lewis. Frank Wood won the race in four heats, Lady Dehlman winning the first. Time, 2:31¼, 2:31, 2:28¾, 2:27.

CORRECTION.—Upon one of our outside pages appears a report of the trotting at Beacon Park, Mass., last week. Since it went to press we have learned that the ladies' race on the 20th was won by Rose Lind—instead of Billy Patterson, as therein stated.

LON MORRIS has concluded to retire from the management of Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., which will be under the control of George W. Brigham next season. Mr. Morris intends spending the Winter in the South.

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO COME OFF.

Oct. 26, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
Oct. 26, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston.
Oct. 27, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
Oct. 27, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston.
Oct. 28, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.
Oct. 28, Philadelphia vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
Oct. 29, Athletic vs. Boston, at Worcester.
Oct. 29, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 31, Philadelphia's Nine vs. New York Nine, at Philadelphia.
Nov. 2, Athletic vs. Philadelphia (Riffert's benefit), at Philadelphia.

BOSTON VS. PHILADELPHIA.—A championship game was played by these clubs at Boston, Mass., on Monday afternoon, Oct. 26. It was not so interesting a contest as had been anticipated, the Pearls playing below their standard and losing by a score of 15 to 3, as we have informed by telegraph.

ATHLETIC VS. HARTFORD.—The leading nines of the Quaker City and Hartford, Ct., again encountered each other on the afternoon of the 26th inst., on the grounds of the latter team, when the large crowd in attendance witnessed an admirable display of skill. The result was the success of the Athletics by a score of 5 to 2; the telegraph failing to give particulars.

ATHLETIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.
Close of the Series.

The Athletics this season have been fortunate in winning games from their local rivals, the Philadelphias, having won every game but one of the championship series, whereas last season it was just the reverse. The tenth and last game between these clubs took place Oct. 24, and resulted in an easy victory for the Athletics, who both outbatted and outfielded their opponents, although the latter led at first. The following is a tabular statement of the results of these ten games:

April 16, Athletic	14 vs. Philadelphia 5
May 7, Athletic	7 vs. Philadelphia 1
May 11, Athletic	12 vs. Philadelphia 3
June 5, Athletic	12 vs. Philadelphia 4
June 27, Athletic	16 vs. Philadelphia 15
July 4, Athletic	12 vs. Philadelphia 6
July 11, Athletic	9 vs. Philadelphia 5
Sept. 23, Athletic	3 vs. Philadelphia 2
Oct. 21, Athletic	3 vs. Philadelphia 1
Oct. 24, Athletic	7 vs. Philadelphia 3
Athletic's total	94 Philadelphia's total 61

In the tenth and last game the betting was even, the Athletics having wisely strengthened themselves by playing Miller—one of the best amateur catchers in the country—behind the bat, and this allowed McGeary and Anson to resume their old positions of short stop and first base, where they have but few equals. Both nines were blanked in the first inning, McMullin, one of the Athletics being left, the first getting his base by a low throw of Fulmer's, and the other by a safe hit to short centre-field. In the second inning of the Athletics Gedney was given his base on wides, but was easily thrown out at second by Hicks. Craver, the first striker of the Philadelphias, was also given his base on wides, but was more fortunate than Gedney, reaching, as he did, second by a wild throw, and coming home on York's hit, which Murnan fielded to first base in time to put the striker out. The Athletics got in a couple of unearned runs after two were out in the third inning—by errors of Holdsworth and a force-hit, Murnan, who had made a good hit, being forced out at second, and Anson being left after getting his base on wides. The Philadelphias also made a couple of runs as their share of this inning, Fulmer, Cummings and Holdsworth getting in—Cuban hits that carried one run, a Mirror of McGeary's giving another. Gedney made a most magnificent running-catch in this inning. This left the lead still with the Philadelphias by a score of 3 to 2, and the fourth inning did not change it, both being put out in one-two-three order. The Athletics tied the score in the fifth inning. McGeary, after two men were out, getting in a pretty fair-foul hit for two bases, and coming home on Anson's good grounder to centre field, the Philadelphias being blanked by a handsome double-play by Battin and McGeary. The Athletics took the lead in the sixth inning, by making two runs on safe hits by Gedney, Miller and McGeary, and errors by Craver and Cummings. The Philadelphias were then blanked, Gedney distinguishing himself by two brilliant catches of fouls. Neither nine scored in the seventh inning, although Fulmer and Cummings of the Philadelphias had reached their bases, the former, however, being forced out at third on Eggler's hit. Both were put out in one-two-three order in the eighth inning, Eggler making a splendid running catch at short left-centre, and Fulmer a brilliant running stop. The Athletics increased their lead in the last inning by adding two more runs on misses by Eggler and Craver, and a couple of safe hits, McGeary's hit to Fulmer, when three were on the bases, "doubling-up" Miller and Murnan. The Philadelphias had now their last chance to score, but failed to get a man on first base, Gedney concluding the game by an admirable fine catch. The Athletics outbatted and outfielded their opponents, McBride pitching with great effectiveness, but four clean-hits being made off him, and three were in one inning. Miller made a most creditable debut as catcher, his cool and collected style being much admired. Anson played very well at first base, the outfielding of Gedney and short-stopping of McGeary, however, being most noticeable. Fulmer excelled in fielding and batting for the Philadelphias.

Athletic.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Philadelphia.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, cf	1	0	1	0	0	Eggler, cf	0	1	2	0	0
McGeary, ss	2	2	1	7	2	Holdsworth, ss	0	0	1	1	3
Anson, 1st b	0	2	12	0	0	Hicks, c	0	0	7	2	0
McBride, p	0	0	1	0	0	Craver, 2d b	1	0	1	2	0
Sutton, 3d b	0	0	2	1	0	Fulmer, rf	0	0	1	0	1
Gedney, lf	2	1	6	2	0	York, lf	0	0	2	0	0
Battin, 2d b	2	1	0	3	1	Mack, 1st b	0	0	6	0	0
Miller, c	0	2	4	1	0	Fulmer, 3d b	0	0	2	4	1
Murnan, rf	0	1	0	1	0	Cummings, p	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	7	9	27	15	4	Totals	3	4	27	11	10

Athletic	0	0	2	0	1	2	0	0	2	—7
Philadelphia	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—3

Runs earned—Athletic 1, Philadelphia 1. Bases on errors—Athletic 7, Philadelphia 2. Bases on wides—Athletic 2; Philadelphia, 1. Double-plays—Battin, McGeary and Anson, Fulman and Hicks. Umpire, John E. Clapp of the Athletics.

WHITES vs. WESTERNS.

Two games were played by the clubs above named at Keokuk, Iowa, Oct. 21, 22, both of which the Whites won by the scores appended:

Westerns.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	Whites.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.
Miller, 3d b	0	1	3	3	Cuthbert, 1 f	0	0	2	0
Riley, r f	0	1	2	0	Force, 3d b	1	1	3	1
Jones, 1st b	0	2	12	0	Malone, c	0	1	10	1
Baker, l f	0	0	1	0	Meyerle, 2d b	1	0	1	0
Goldey, 3d b	1	2	0	2	Hines, c f	1	0	1	0
Tapham, c f	0	0	3	0	Glenn, 1st b	3	4	6	0
O'Brien, s s	0	1	0	2	Devlin, r f	0	1	0	0
Myers, s s	0	0	1	2	Peters, s s	0	1	2	2
Golden, p	0	0	2	4	Zettlein, p	1	0	3	1
Totals	1	8	27	13	Totals	8	10	27	6

Whites	0	2	0	2	1	1	0	0	2	—8
Western	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs earned—Whites 1. Umpire—W. Wilson, Concord Club, Time, 1h. 35m.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

The present week is the last during which championship contests can be played, the season closing Oct. 31, no game counting in the list unless played before Nov. 1. The record of legal games to date is as follows:

	Boston.	Mutual.	Athletic.	Philadelphia.	Chicago.	Atlantic.	Hartford.	Won.	Games Lost.	Standing by Percentage.
Boston	....	5	7	7	7	6	9	41	8	
Mutual	5	....	4	1	9	7	8	34	5	
Athletic	2	6	....	9	7	6	5	31	10	
Philadelphia	2	4	1	....	3	7	6	24	12	
Chicago	3	1	4	8	....	4	4	19	11	
Atlantic	4	3	2	3	6	....	5	18	10	
Hartford	0	2	2	3	3	1	....	11	15	
Games lost	16	21	19	25	30	32	35	178	—	

The Bostons will close their series of ten each in Boston this week, playing the Hartfords, Philadelphias and Athletics. They are the only Oak nine in the arena which has not been defeated by every other club in the arena, the Hartfords yet having to win a game from the Reds.

CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS LAST WEEK.

The games in the championship arena since our last have been as follows:

Oct. 20, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	14	to 7
Oct. 20, Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	5	0
Oct. 21, Atlantic vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	3	8
Oct. 21, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	12	8
Oct. 22, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	11	5
Oct. 23, Boston vs. Hartford, at Hartford	13	1
Oct. 24, Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston	11	3
Oct. 24, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	7	3
Oct. 26, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Boston	15	3
Oct. 26, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford	5	2

SHORT STOPS.

The closing game of the championship series between the Shamrock and Athlete Clubs of St. John, N. B., was played Oct. 20, the former winning by a count of 18 to 14.....On Oct. 21 the Live Oak Club polished off the Tufts' College nine at Lynn, Mass.; score, 17 to 8.....The Eckfords were taken in and done for by the Knickerbockers at Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 18.....Police nines were opponents in Jersey City, N. J., on the 20th inst. Station 10 defeating Station 9 by a score of 76 to 21.....A purse of $100 was won by the Live Oaks from the Chelseas at Lynn, Mass., with a score of 13 to 11.....The T. B. F. U. S. Club of Bridgeport gave a tremendous thrashing to the amateur Hartford nine in a game for the State championship, played at Bridgeport Oct. 19; score, 30 to 6.....The Ætna and Cass Clubs played a game at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 17, which the former won in eight innings by a score of 15 to 9.....By a slightly lock-marked at the back of the head; stoops upright when he walks crooked; a slight impediment in his looks, and wears a Grecian bend on his upper lip; nose about the size of a piece of chalk; whiskers cut off short inside; was carrying an empty carpet-box in each hand, and a wooden bag in the other, containing screw wrenches, railway tunnels, and blacking, and was supposed at first to have gone off on his ear; was born before his younger brother, his mother being present on the occasion. Anyone giving such information as will learn him where he is, will be prosecuted as the law directs.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Nantucket is famous for pretty girls, excellent fishing. Siasconset, and good stories. One of the latter is told of an inhabitant of the island who lost hens from his roost. To detect the thief, he placed a sharp scythe in a position to be clutched by the criminal as soon as he opened the hen-roost door. The next morning there was blood upon the blade, but no hens missing. The gentleman did not hunt for wounded hands, and in a short time went to California, returning after an absence of several years. There used to live on Nantucket one of the largest story-tellers, for a young man, in the Commonwealth. He was quite popular, however, half a good share of "brass," and on election days could get out more voters than any other native of the island. He was "stirring up" voters one day, and came upon the returned Californian. "Hello, B!" said the latter, "give me a ride to the polls." "No!" said B, with an air as though he puts scythes in his hen-roost what never ride with me!" B was never prosecuted for the confession.

THE RING.

EDWARDS AND CHAMBERS—THE CHAMPION'S BENEFIT.—There will be lively times at that old-time temple of the drama, the Bowery Theatre, during the present week when those masters of the art-fistic Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers will nightly make their obeisance to the audience, and with the gloves illustrate the way in which battles are won and lost in turf. The event of the week, however, will be the meeting between the champion and his rival Fiddler Neary, which has been set down for Friday evening, 30th inst.; upon which date Billy takes a complimentary benefit. Both Edwards and Neary have been "keeping themselves right" for some time in anticipation of this meeting, in which each will, it is certain, use his utmost endeavors to secure the honors, and it remains to be seen which of the twain will have the greater number of "holes bored in him." The sporting portion of the community are considerably exercised over the affair—to a greater extent, even, than upon the occasion of the Edwards-Croker set-to—and it will be advisable for those who desire to secure good seats to make their appearance at the box-office early. A number of other good men will set-to during the evening, and John McMahon and Homer Lane will wrestle. The veteran Master of Ceremonies, Old Bill Tovee, will officiate. Having received an intimation that Neary desires to be paid for his services on the 30th, Edwards requests us to say that he is not at all anxious to set-to with Neary, as he is confident that he can easily find several better men than Fiddler for that; but supposing, from the latter's seeming eagerness for the meeting, that he was accommodating Neary by giving him this chance, and desiring to gratify the public, he put his name on the bills.

DEATH OF CHARLEY WALKER.—This boxer, who was well known to metropolitan sports a dozen of years ago, died at his residence in this city on Tuesday, Oct. 20, and was buried on the 23d, the funeral being attended by a number of the fraternity. Charley, who was a brother of Alf Walker, had considerable reputation as a sparrer, but fought according to rule once only. His antagonist on that occasion was Harry Abrams, and they met in a room, Jan. 16, 1863, when, after nullifying 14 rounds in 26 minutes, the police appeared and put a stop to the fun, which was not renewed. He was 32 years old at the period of his death.

JAMES MCNAB AND JAMES CODY having had a growl, adjourned with a few friends to the dock foot of Thirty-fourth street, N. R., this city, about midnight on the 24th inst., to have it out in P. R. style. The police pounced upon them, however, just after commencing operations, arresting the combatants and seven lookers-on. They were arraigned in Jefferson Market Police-court next morning, when Cody fell down in a fit and had to be removed to his home in a carriage. McNab was fined $10, and placed under $500 bonds to keep the peace for six months. The others were discharged.

JACK GALLAGHER, the clever glove practitioner from Ward 4, gave a sparring exhibition at Durr's Dramatic Hall, Union Hill, N. J., on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21; but as the person engaged to distribute the bills failed to perform his duty, but few people were aware of the fact. Those who attended were well pleased with what they saw, the boxing including sets-to between Morris and Hughes, Micken and Williams, Young Dunn and Charley O'Malia, McNamara and O'Neil, and Gallagher and Billy Flynn in the closing meet. Uncle Tovee was Master.

BILLY O'NEILL took a benefit at Metropolitan Hall, Sixth avenue and Eighth street, on the 24th inst., when the following sets-to took place: Jim Shaw and Jim Dunn, Healy and Brown, Bill Flynn and George Seddons, Conner and Henshaw, Dempsey and Aikens, Pat McCarney and Jim Dunn, Charley O'Malia and Seddons' Mouse, Billy O'Neill and a friend. Father Tovee was M. C.

EDDY KENNY, who died intestate some months ago, left property valued at $10,000. His father applied for letters of administration on the estate, which were granted. Last week application for a revocation of the letters was made to Surrogate Hutchings by a woman named Maggie Hagan, who claims to be his widow. Decision reserved.

BEN HOGAN, the ex-boxer and present popular amusement caterer in the regions of Pennsylvania, is a candidate for Congress on the independent ticket. He has plenty of good friends in that section who will work hard to secure his election, and there is reason to believe that their efforts will prove successful.

A ROW took place on the evening of the 22d inst., in Philadelphia, in which Arthur Chambers and Fiddler Neary were the chief actors. Neary went to Chambers' saloon on the Ridge avenue, and hit Chambers' barkeeper a severe blow. Neary was arrested and held in $800 bail by Alderman Bonsall.

DOONEY HARRIS, Dan Rice, and Jim Manes, have made arrangements to travel in company through the New England States and British provinces, giving sparring and athletic exhibitions, and will open at Bangor, Me., during the current week.

SAM COLLYER is now a boniface, having become proprietor of the St. Cloud Saloon, No. 76 Sixth street, Pittsburg, Pa., where he has many friends, and will probably do well.

JIM MURRAY of Philadelphia announces that his time so occupied with teaching sparring that he is unable to participate in any sparring exhibitions there given.

BOB SMITH the trainer and second was last week sentenced to State-prison for a term of five years, having been convicted of grand larceny.

JOHN MCMAHON AND HOMER LANE are to give exhibitions of wrestling at the Bowery Theatre each evening this week.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Ed. Mallahan, George Ogden (2) and John Noble.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ALF ROBINSON, alias "The Spider," was matched to walk ten miles while W. Day rode a bicycle double that distance at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., Oct. 6. Robinson, who is 43 years old, compelled the velocipedist to knock under at the end of five and a half miles, when he was but three-quarters of a mile ahead. After going another lap Robinson was told to stop, his time for 4¾ miles and 82 yards being 43min. 30sec. W. Wearden was referee and starter.

THE ENTRIES for the 140-yard handicap foot-race for prizes of $130, $50 and $20, to take place at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Oct. 27, 28, number eighteen, including some of the best short-distance runners in the States and Canadas.

ED. MOULTON desires us to publicly express his thanks to Messrs. Dyer, Mack and Ford, and to the Wilcox Hose Company, for courtesies extended him while in Meriden, Ct., recently.

JOHN POWERS ran three miles in 17:57¾ at Knox Trotting Park, Rockland, Me., Oct. 22, in a match against time to beat 18:00, for $50.

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AQUATIC.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.—From the following, which is taken from *The London* (Eng.) *Sporting Life* of Oct. 7, there seems a strong probability that the proposed match between George Brown of Halifax, N. S., and J. H. Sadler of Surbiton, Eng., for the championship of the world, will be arranged: "On Thursday last a letter was received by a friend of Sadler's from Mr. W. Craigen of the Halifax Rowing Club, stating that on receipt of the articles from England a meeting of the club was held, at which Brown was present. After some discussion, Brown, on being asked his opinion, stated that he would make a match with Sadler, according to his original challenge, for two miles and a half out and return. Mr. Craigen further states that Brown has only rowed two of his races with a turn; and he expresses a hope that Sadler may reconsider his idea of a four-mile race and accept the original challenge, when George will be only too happy to meet him." Mr. Craigen mentions also that he has information from parties interested in rowing matters, and who inform him that the rough element in Coleraine is not such as to favorably impress anyone, far less a stranger and an oarsman about to compete for the championship of the world with an Old Countryman.' Since Mr. Craigen's letter was received, we have seen Sadler, who expresses himself quite willing to row a turning race, two miles and a half, out and home, on any river in Ireland which may be agreed upon by representatives of both parties; and he is prepared to sign articles to that effect immediately on their arrival in England, the race to be rowed under the new Rules of Boat Racing. There should now be no difficulty about the matter, as both men seem anxious for a race."

MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND STORER of Fulton Market were, on the 20th inst., brought before Judge Van Brunt in the Supreme Court, Circuit, charged with exposing for sale on July 9, 1873, forty specked trout. The plaintiff was Royal Phelps, president of the N. Y. Sportsmen's Club, and the action was brought under the law passed by the Legislature prohibiting the sale of such fish in this city between March 15 and Nov. 15, under a penalty of $25 for each fish. The jury after two hours' absence rendered a verdict for the defendants, who claim that the fish in dispute were not brook or speckled trout, but Canadian trout, and were not caught in New York waters.

DR. RUSSELL WITHERS, the veteran stroke of the Atalanta Boat Club, having concluded to give his whole time and attention to his practice as a disciple of Esculapius, last week tendered his resignation as a member of said organization. It was accepted, and the Doctor chosen an honorary member of a club the interests of which he has for many years labored earnestly to promote. Gunster, stroke of the William's College Crew, was elected a member at the same meeting.

THE BOATING ASSOCIATION of the College of the City of New York was organized on the 22d inst., by the election of the following officers: President, F. W. Pughe; vice-president, Colonel A. P. Ketchum; treasurer, Henry Hornell; assistant-treasurer, J. V. Olcott; secretaries, George W. Messiter and W. B. Atterbury; trustees, Messrs. Wheeler, Jelliffe, Tremaine, Woodruff, Babcock and Claflin.

A PAIR-OARED RACE over a three-mile straight-away course, on the Tyne River, Newcastle, Eng., came off on Monday, Oct. 5, George Dixon Newby and Robert Dixon Marshall, both of Durham, being opposed to Ralph Hepplewhite of Dunston and Ralph Hepplewhite of Eswick; stakes, £50 a side. The latter couple won by several lengths.

BROWN AND SADLER.—*Bell's Life* of Oct. 10 says: "We are authorized to state that Sadler will row Brown of Halifax in either America or Ireland on his own terms, and will give or take £100 to row in England or America, or, if they agree to row in Ireland, each party to pay his own expenses."

THERE IS A LETTER in our care addressed to Bernard Biglin.

JAMES WHEAT, a man of color, defeated Wm. H. Adsetts in a spin of 200 yards, for $250 a side, at Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 17. Wheat, who was allowed a start of three yards, won by double that distance, in about 23sec.

THE YACHTS Joseph E. Cromwell and Annie Laake sailed a race of eighteen miles, for $200 a side, at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 19, the first named winning by 5min. 30sec.

JAMES SHARP of the Resolute Boat Club and Richard A. Miller pulled three miles, at Fort Hamilton, Oct. 21. Sharp won by half a dozen lengths in 26:40.

THE SOPHOMORE and Senior crews of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., contended in a race for a set of colors Oct. 24, the former winning in 15:28.

HARVARD CREWS.—As divided in the new system, the members of the Harvard University crews will be as follows: Weld crew—Weimore, 75; Watson, 75; Martin, 77; Green, 76; Loring, 75. Thayer, L. S. S.; Nickerson, 76; and Harwood, 77, are candidates for the remaining positions. Holworthy crew—Appleton, 75; Gould, 75; Hale, 76; Dana, 74; Denton, Ll S. S.; Brown, 76. Holyoke crew—Otis, L. S. S.; Bacon, 77; James, L. S. S.; Morgan, 76; Ely, 78; Riggs, 76. Matthews' crew—Bacon, 76; Harding, 74; Patten, 77; Taylor, 77; Weld, 76; Prince, 75.

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FOOTBALL—RUTGERS VS. COLUMBIA.—On Saturday, Oct. 24, a football match was played by these Colleges, at New Brunswick, N. J. Both twenties were out in their full strength, the Columbias appearing in a uniform which showed them off to advantage. Game was called at two o'clock, King winning the toss for Columbia, and taking the first kick-off. The first three goals were won by the Rutgers team, in the short time of twenty minutes, the Columbias playing a very loose game, while the Rutgers played finely. The rest of the goals were better contested, two of them occupying one hour each. Columbia, although working hard, was allowed to secure but one goal. At ten minutes of five Rutgers was declared the winner of the match, the score standing: Rutgers, 6; Columbia, 1. The respective teams were as follows: Rutgers—Martine (captain), Anderson, Fischer, Hendrickson, Herbert, Kemlo, Lyall, Ledecker, Milliken, Parmly, Pierce, Pierce, Price, Ross, Skomp, Potter, Van Aken, Van Winkle, Van Zant, and Walser. Columbia—King (captain), Adams, Blake, Bates, Frost, George, Hurry, Hall, Lindley, Moore, Moorewood, McMahon, Price, Radford, Roots, Rhodes, Sprague, Webb, Weeks and Prior. Umpires: for Columbia, W. Simonson; for Rutgers, Mr. Johnson. Referee, Mr. Cutler.

"AMERICAN WILD-FOWL SHOOTING."—By Joseph W. Long. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.—This is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, written by a practical man, whose care has been rather to avoid technicalities, than to cram his pages with them. The author's language is simple and direct, and the reader's time is nowhere bespoken for trivialities. The habits and haunts of wild-fowl, the best method of approaching them, the choice and care of guns, the selection and arrangement of decoys, the training of water-retrievers, the building as well as the management of boats, are all treated of as if the writer had learned but little from books, nearly all from an ample experience; and without dogmatism he upsets several theories that have become ground into the average amateur sportsman's head. The work is illustrated, printed in clear, large type, and bound in a style suitable to the parlor table.

VELOCIPEDING AGAINST TIME.—Mr. Stanton of Hornsey, Eng., who it was claimed had rode from Bath to London (106 miles) on a bicycle in 8 hours and 30 minutes—a statement which was very much doubted by the British press and public—attempted to ride 100 miles in said time for £30 a side, at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Monday, Oct. 5. *The Sporting Life* says: "The doubts have been removed; only in a different way to what we presume was intended by those who have so persistently written up feats not only unauthenticated, but which stubborn facts tended in every way to disprove. Stanton started at eight on Monday morning on his journey at Brompton, on a cinder path in the best condition, with scarce a breath of wind stirring, and other atmospheric conditions decidedly favorable; and he rode himself to a standstill, after doing ably; and he rode himself to a standstill, after doing ninety-six miles in 8h. 10m. 58s., nobody having thrown sticks at him, run him off the track, or injured himself or his machine. This time there was a properly appointed referee—J. Vandy—who saw the performance from beginning to end. The bicyclist went off at a great pace, and did his first twenty miles in 1h. 14m. 50s. Including a stoppage of 18m. 59s., he rode fifty miles in 3h. 49m. 24s.—undeniably good time, and which, if kept up, would have enabled him to win the match. He had two more rests afterwards, but at eighty miles he was getting slow and unmistakably weaker. After going ninety miles the pace became wretched, and finishing the ninety-sixth mile he appeared dead settled and hardly able to keep his machine going at all—to keep a straight course was quite beyond him. After going about 200 yards in the ninety-seventh mile his attendant, Small, was obliged to steady the bicycle to prevent his rider falling; but having taken more refreshment, Stanton still appeared desirous of going on. In his utterly exhausted state to have done so would have been dangerous, and after much persuasion he was induced to relinquish his task, and allowed himself to be assisted from the saddle. He had been struggling against Nature for a long time, and lost, though for the thoroughly game way in which he persevered until perseverance was not only useless but impossible, no commendation can be too great.

THE ONE-HORSE NEGRO.—A few months ago a gentleman moved to St. Louis and purchased a nice property, and, among other things to contribute to his convenience and comfort, procured a fine horse and a very genteel carriage. A likely colored boy was employed at a fair salary to take charge of the establishment, and discharge the numerous duties which arise around a well-regulated homestead. For a time, things went on smoothly with Chores, but latterly he seemed out of spirits and seldom smiled. His employer observed this despondent demeanor of Chores, and he determined to get at the bottom of it. Perhaps he was in love. But no matter. Taking Chores aside one day when he looked more gloomy than usual, he inquired, considerately, what it was that ailed him. "Well, you see, mars'r," began Chores, in a sort of tragic style, "you's got but one hoss, while all the gentlemen 'bout hea has two; an' all de boys dey calls me a one-hoss nigger; an' as I can't stan' dat, I 'spects I'll have for to resign. I likes you fus-rate, mars'r, an' I'd like to stay if you had two hosses, but you see how it is—de boys, dey can't quit hollerin' 'Dere go dat one-hoss nigger!'" Not wishing to lose the services of so valuable an assistant, a second horse was purchased, and Chores became a two-horse nigger.

A MASONIC INCIDENT.—A little incident containing some mystical interest transpired in Wayne County, South Carolina, during the ball season. It is the following: "It was late at night. The husband was absent, and the wife, alone with her children, had retired. Three or four soldiers rudely knocked at the door of the house, and demanded entrance and something to eat. The good lady told them that it was too late—that she had undressed; but, fearing they would break the door, she got out of bed and opened it to expostulate with them. They insisted that she should cook something for them, and while she was getting ready, and they were roaming about the house, one of the party, who seemed to be the leader, happened to find a copy of Mackey's 'Masonic Jurisprudence' lying upon the side-table. Turning it over, he found the name of the poor frightened woman's husband written on the fly-leaf. 'Is this your husband's?' he inquired of the lady. 'Yes, sir,' was the timid reply. 'Is he a Mason?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Come, boys, right about—march!' and immediately the house was cleared and quietly closed.

BOY LOST!—Missing from Rochester about the 6th of next month, 1875, a tall-complexioned young man, about five feet six inches of age, height thirty-four years; had on when last seen a pair of swallow-tailed seal-skin trousers, with sausage stripes; fashionable mutton-chop waistcoat with cast-iron trimmings; double-barreled frockcoat, with tripe collar and tobacco-lined water-tight canvas boots, with patent leather top, cable screw, laced up at the sole; is deaf and dumb of one eye, and hard of hearing with the other; has a slightly pock-marked at the back of the head; stoops upright when he walks crooked; a slight impediment in his looks, and wears a Grecian bend on his upper lip; nose about the size of a piece of chalk; whiskers cut off short inside; was carrying an empty carpet-box in each hand, and a wooden bag in the other, containing screw wrenches, railway tunnels, and blacking, and was supposed at first to have gone off on his ear; was born before his younger brother, his mother being present on the occasion. Anyone giving such information as will learn him where he is, will be prosecuted as the law directs.

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AMUSEMENTS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1875.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875, which will be published in December, will doubtless have a large circulation, and our patrons will find it an invaluable medium for placing their business cards under the permanent notice of their customers; and proprietors of halls and opera-houses will find an announcement in it a valuable adjunct to their standing advertisements in THE CLIPPER.

We are now prepared to receive advertisements at the following rates and on our usual cash terms: For one page, 7½x11¼in., $40; half a page, $20; quarter of a page, $10; a space of 25x31 ems agate, $5.

Advertisements should be sent in early, so as to secure a good position.

FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
CLIPPER office, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

SADIE DE BRENT. After fulfilling a successful engag

"THE HERDER THAT HEARD HER SAY NO."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO WM. C. MITCHELL,
BY ORBY PARLE.

At the foot of a desolate mountain
Dwelt a lad to love's nature unknown,
Who'd grown up a wild-herd protector,
Though seldom was heard he to groan.
His hours were spent much secluded,
He succumbed without feeling remorse;
His course was thought not to his wishes,
Yet his wishes were not thought *too coarse*.
To travel had been his ambition,
And by dreaming (his labors delayed)
Of a maid in the rays of a sunlight,
But he sighed for the *raies* to be *made*.
At last in his heart he determined
To far-away cities he'd flee,
And traverse the sea he'd never seen,
That a merrier *scene* he might *see*.
He gathered his personal property—
'Twas but little, 'tis sad to relate—
And he hurried his gait past the dwelling,
Then hurried he past through his *gate*.
He came to the stormy wide ocean,
He'd no money to ship through its gale,
And he moaned as he saw a sail nearing,
While his fate he began to *assail*.
'Twixt him and the pier there were mountains,
But to travel by sail was he bent;
He'd gain an ascent ere the seaport,
Could he gain but the captain's *assent*.
He cried to the captain for passage,
And then he appealed to the crowd—
His speech, though allow'd, was not heeded,
Yet his speeches were never *aloud*.
"I'll accede to this proposition,"
Said the Captain, "to what you have sought—
Can you knot?" To which cried our hero
"I assure you, dear Cap., I can *not*."
"Beware!" cried the Captain in anger—
"I'll have you to know I'm sincere,
Though I hear you're of comical mien,
What *means* you to try a joke *here?*"
Our hero through town began wandering
Since losing his voyage by sail;
His fate made him all—he'd been taken in—
He then began takin' in *ale*.
He secured himself lodgings immediately
At a tavern called the "Blue Bell;"
Though it wasn't a "sell," yet his room
He declared to be only a *cell*.
In this tavern chanced there a maiden
Whom the herder had caused some alarm.
"You're real-estate," cried the fellow—
"I see by your beautiful form."
"Alas!" cried the maiden, bewildered,
"Sir, a cobbler's love I now hold;
I've sold him for love my possessions,
And for love all my shoes hath he *soled*.
O cease importuning me thusly!"
Continued the maid with her fun;
"Although I am one to the cobbler,
To you I can never be *son*."
"I'll die!" cried the herder, appealing,
"By the pierce of a cavalry sword;
And though I shall board here to spite you,
I'll convince you my love shan't be *bored*.
Why scorn the love that has sought thee,
Why seek you to break a man's heart?
Yet I'll 'wait thee, and long for a change,
Though I'm feeling my *weight's* getting *short*.
To think that I've loved and adored thee,
Would labor to give thee relief—
My clothes I'd have dyed but to suit thee,
But, the truth is, I've near *died* myself.
Farewell to thee, maiden of falsity,
And all ye gay feminine sharps—
I'll be one in a corps of brave soldiers,
Till I finally become a whole *corps*."

Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo.

JACK'S SISTER;

OR,

WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER XL.

LA RUE DES CAPUCINES.

It was Jack who wrote the letter. Stern and conclusive as it was, the few lines contained were nevertheless wonderfully temperate in their expressions; and although he broke off at once and for ever all communication between his cousin and the family under his own roof, there were no reproaches, neither tamni nor abuse—to weaken, while embittering, the sentence. The young Lycurgus at the Cedars knew better than to give his relative a handle by such intemperance; and even Enid reading, could only look pitifully at her brother, feeling like a death-blow to her own heart the pitiless justice of that brief epistle, and yet unable to find cause for protesting against it. Jack would not have admitted protest.

"Sign your name here," he said, pointing to the postscript—"under this."

And when his sister begged, even with tears in her eyes, to be allowed to write one line, one word of personal forgiveness and farewell, he silenced her with prompt decision:

"Enid, you owned last night I was wiser than you in this matter; and I am. If you had never spoilt him as you did, he would never have deceived and insulted you as he has. Were father alive, you know very well he would have been harsher than I. I am your only protector, now he is gone; and as I've let this young scoundrel down easily for your sake, the least you can do is to obey me."

And Enid submitted. She had given up her own will into her brother's hands; and, as she said, she could do nothing more now. Did anyone guess how deep the knife went which had cut away the ties of a whole lifetime at one slash? I think not. There was no bitterness in her manner, no harshness in her voice, no faltering in the little home duties which made up so much of the daily comfort of those about her. Only that her sweet face had lost all trace of color, that her step was slower, and that now and then, when no one was wanting her, the work would fall upon her knee, and the large eyes fill with slow, unbidden tears, you would hardly have thought she felt. And yet no one could have doubted it who had seen her face when she left the key from Merle's room, so that none might enter where he was forbidden; or watched her creep upstairs once a day to dust and arrange everything with the fastidious neatness which was one of his peculiar characteristics.

Jack was very kind to her for the first day or two; but whether her quietness deceived him, or that, acting up to his new motto that "all men were liars and all women unfaithful, and so it was better to find them out soon than late," he thought Enid not deserving of pity for losing one so unworthy of her, he quickly relapsed into the moody reserve which had tried her so deeply before, and which, being weaker now, was too much for her to bear with her former cheerfulness. On the third morning after Merle's sentence of exile, she startled her brother out of his brooding silence by saying, in rather a trembling voice:

"Jack, are you not going—going to Paris, or somewhere?"

"No—not now," he said gruffly, and without looking up. "That scamp might get at you to annoy you; and, anyhow, I wouldn't go now. I don't care about it."

"But I do," she said more earnestly. "Jack, do go, please. No one will come here. He does not care. He has not even written, you see—and you had made all arrangements for your holiday. Let me pack your portmanteau to-day, do."

"Do you want to get rid of me, then?" he said, looking up with some surprise into the pale, troubled face, and misty eyes. "Ill go, of course, if you do; but I shouldn't have thought it."

"Yes—I do;" and, though her lips shook, the voice sounded strange—almost, for her, sharp. "You are not happy here. You want change; and I—I suppose it is my fault; but I can't amuse you, or help you to forget. Perhaps if you go away a little, we shall both be happier and better. At any rate, try it, Jack, do. I—I don't think I am very strong at present, and it makes me cross and selfish. I shall be better alone."

She was evidently in earnest; and Jack went. He was huffed at first; but I think at the end the contrast between their two ways of bearing trouble struck the young man; or perhaps it was the sense that they stood alone in the world save for one another, and that his harsh unconsciousness had helped to lay a heavier burden on the patient shoulders, which had borne so much without complaint or murmur. Anyhow, he put his arms round her very tenderly at going away, and bade her take care of herself, adding:

"You're better than I am, Enid, and I've left you to take all the worst rubs, poor old girl! I'll do better when I come back, God willing; and, meanwhile, don't be hard on me; for, bear as I am, you're the one girl I think worth love or belief in the world."

It was evening when Jack reached Paris—a dull, wet evening after a dull, wet day; and he felt half inclined to turn back and go home again. The long, uninteresting journey; the mouthful of air, and glimpse of grey, wet sea at Boulogne; the plate of verre de cognac and scalding plate of potage aux herbes at Amiens; the brief glimpses of gray-looking, fortified towns, and long sweeps of flat, monotonous country; the shrill-voiced little soldiers, with waspish waists and balloon-like trousers; the brown-legged, bald-headed porters; the gabble and chatter, the abundance of gesture and hailstorm of ejaculation, all passed by him like an unpleasant dream, only recalling by contrast the last merry journey a year ago. He was glad when at last it came to an end; and having called a fiacre, he found himself rolling over the asphalte to a hotel—not the hotel glittering on which he and Clif had patronized on their last visit, but a more modest establishment in the Rue des Capucines, where his father had put up once in olden times.

There did not seem many people at it now. It was the dead season in Paris, and nearly everyone was away. At the table d'hote, where Jack took his dinner, there were only two or three solitary males scattered over the large apartment; and one family, father, mother, and little girl, of the bourgeois class, and evidently from the provinces, who were on most amicable terms with the waiter, a more than usually loquacious specimen of a loquacious class. Jack, eating his own dinner in British dignity and silence, was amused by the naive clatter at the opposite table, and at the frequent interruptions occasioned by the behavior of the little girl, who persisted in turning her head to look at himself at the same time that she raised a spoonful of soup to her mouth; thus invariably missing that receptacle, and sending a stream of warm, brown liquid down the well-starched bosom of her frilled white muslin pinafore.

"Mais de grace, Euphrosyne," the mother would exclaim, with a little scream, and a tilt of her whole person across the table in the direction of her small offspring. "Prends garde donc, p'tite mechante. N'est ce pas qu'on n'a jamais vu une p'tite demoiselle si mal eleeve, p'tit papa?"

And then, as Euphrosyne faced about right front, she turned again to the waiter, and went on with what they were saying about an English family upstairs, for whose use the little table in the corner was reserved:

"And was the lady really so beautiful?"

"Belle! belle a merveille," the waiter cried, raising hands and shoulders as though the force of admiration were lifting him bodily to the ceiling. "Une petite ange pour regarder, et"—with a ludicrous change of voice—"et, foi d'un homme, une petite diablesse pour toute autre chose."

The bourgeoise held up her hands also.

"And English?" she said.

"And English," replied the waiter. "Figure to yourself, madame, that I have been three years in that country of tristesse and mal humeur, and never have seen one lady like this. That is to say, see you, of her youth and station. In the Bouage de Saint-Jean in London there are of them, but of another class. She buys—there is nothing she fancies that she does not buy; though her husband, pauvre garcon! says often—'Bebe, my cherished, remember yourself that we are not as the rich ones—that it is necessary I work to pay all this.' She mocks at the 'convenances,' makes the promenade all alone, and offers him of reproaches and injuries at each moment."

"Mais, ventre du diable!" put in bourgeois pere, with a vehement wave of the knife which had been hitherto employed in assisting refractory pieces of bouillon down his throat—"is the husband an idiot, a guinea fowl qu'on tire le nez,' after that mode here?"

"The husband is an angel," said the waiter solemnly. "He has the patience of le bon Dieu, and the face of—but Madame should see it, c'est a ravir! Never have I heard him say one word of anger or accusation, not even when Madame, who has les migraines, takes too much of le cognac for to sleep, understand you. It is a pity that a young man so amiable should have espoused this petite ennuyeuse, as, alas! it is impossible to put her away like les filles gaies. The young Englishmen, when they are virtuous, are fools. For me, I intend not ever to marry with a girl. On ne se range jamais jusqu'a les quatorze ans."

Jack felt inclined to encore this opinion, which was delivered with none the less dignity that the waiter was a little, lame, shriveled-up creature of seventy or thereabouts. He found himself pitying this unfortunate young husband, encumbered with an evil-tempered, fast, and extravagant wife.

"Rather he than I, poor devil!" he muttered, self-complacently; and having finished his dinner, and the evening showing signs of clearing, he took his hat and sallied forth for a stroll along the Boulevards. It was about ten o'clock when he returned to the hotel, and the rain was coming down fast. As he went upstairs to his own room, sounds of altercation on the floor above caught his ear, and made him stop short; for the words were English, and there was a strange, familiar sound in the voices, and they came nearer, and a woman's, young but loud and sharp with anger, cried out:

"Oh, of course you go out to get rid of me. You won't let me have a grain of amusement; but you take care to get plenty yourself."

"I certainly will not take you to Mabille, Baby, or let you go with those Simons," answered the other voice—very quiet, but oh, heavens, what a homelike sound it had!—"because neither the place nor the people are proper for you. And I am only going out now to walk about for half an hour or so, for the simple reason that you make the house too miserable for a man to stay in ——"

He was interrupted, for the girl above burst out into an angry, taunting laugh:

"A walk! Oh, very likely! As if I were really a baby, to believe that. Of course you hate the sight of me. I believe you always did; though you pretended not to at that hateful country town. Hypocrite! And you go out to amuse yourself and leave me here. No, I won't be quiet. It's you who are making a scandal, not me; and I don't care who hears. Pape shall—I can tell you that. See if I don't write to him to-morrow."

And here a door upstairs was shut with a bang which resounded along the gallery, a man's step came hurrying downstairs, and a young man came out into the light, and, in his haste, nearly tumbled over Jack, who was coming upstairs leisurely.

It was Clifton Gore.

The surprise was far greater for him than for Jack; so great, indeed, that it overswept all thought of everything but the unlooked-for presence of his boyhood's friend; and with a glow of pleasure lighting up all his pale, handsome face—with an exclamation of glad, cordial greeting—he sprang forward, both hands outstretched to his friend's.

Jack looked at him—looked at him with cold, stern contempt from head to foot, drove his own hands into his pockets, and passed him by without word or sign of recognition.

If ever a man received the "cut direct," that man was Clifton Gore. Will the most partial of his admirers dare to say that he was not deserving of it?

And yet even Jack, filled with his righteous anger, might have compassionated the gray look of pained remembrance which swept over that face, "bean a ravir," as the outstretched hands fell back at his side, and the young man went on his way, humiliated and abashed. It was not the beginning of his Nemesis.

Jack had gone into his own room hot with bitter wrath at the sight of the man who had betrayed him. He was half inclined to leave the hotel that night, and seek another lodging, rather than breathe the same air with those whom he had vowed never to forgive. Second thoughts, however, prevailed. His pride told him that it was for traitors to shun him, not he them; and that to hurry away in the rain and darkness would be an undignified proceeding for a man who had no cause to dread the face of any living being. Instead, he undressed as quick as he could, and went to bed. It was ridiculously early; but he was tired with the long journey, and anxious to escape the remembrance of that bright, brave face, with the new look of care on it. Besides, he had pitied that nameless husband in the waiter's story, and now he wanted to forget him. Fatigue favored his desire. Before half an hour had elapsed, Jack was as sound as a church.

It must have been past midnight when he woke, startled into a sitting posture by a strong smell of burning, and a perfect chorus of cries from the floor above; and in half a second he had struggled into his boots and trousers, and added one more to the confused heap of waiters, servant girls, proprietors, and guests streaming up the stairs in every imaginable form of disarray. One of the rooms au troisieme was on fire. Smoke even then was curling through the closed door, and yet the inmate within could not be awakened.

Three or four people were already struggling at the door, which was bolted from within; and as Jack forced his way upstairs, a chorus of exclamations smote upon his ears:

"It is the lady."

"The charming little Englishwoman."

"She is asleep."

"Dead!"

"Where is her husband?"

"With her."

"Not with her."

"The fire is in the dressing-room within."

"Dieu! Will the door never open!"

"Is there no other?"

"Sacre nom du diable! where are the fire engines?"

And so on, and so on.

The tumult was at its highest, and Jack had just thrust a group of screaming women aside, and got his shoulder against the door, when a young man, fair-haired and ghastly pale, tore upstairs, scattering the people to right and left like a whirlwind, and flung himself against the panel, with teeth set and flashing eyes.

"Shoulders together, Jack!" he cried hoarsely. "It's for her life!"

And even with the words the door shook, cracked, and gave way, actually torn from its hinges, and crashing back upon the floor within, borne down by the gigantic strength of the two young men. The next moment they had passed it, and disappeared into the thick, gray smoke filling the room, and pouring out, from the door was down, in so dense and stifling a volume upon the gallery and staircase as to drive back the eager women and children shrieking to the hall below.

"Mort de Dieu!" cried the old waiter. "Why do not the engines arrive?"

And from the smoke within, lit by lurid flashes from the cornice and cracks of the dressing-room door, came a double cry of despair:

"*Locked also!*"

At that moment the rumble of the engines was heard in the streets below.

"Now!" cried Jack.

Brave as he was, he had staggered back at first, choked and almost suffocated by the stifling smoke, which had an overpowering effect on a man of his dissipated, short throat. Clif met his hand, and wrung it tight, pushing him back at the same time, as he cried:

"Keep away. I can do it myself. Why should you risk your life?"

"Don't be a fool, old chap—I'm stronger than you," was the half-smothered answer, as his friend pressed back in lieu of a side.

But Clif was quicker this time, or the door less strong. It gave way at the first blow; and the young man, spent with smoke and exertion, fell with it, going down, head foremost, into the red sea of flame within, which rushed out like some fiery monster exhibit of further proof, and stretched its fierce, snake-like arms, and driving even the boldest before it. The entire room was in a blaze.

And now the fire engines began to play; and the dressing-room window was broken by a stream of water deluging the furnace within; and a queue was formed upon the stairs, and buckets humming with water passed along to cast upon the outer room; and the crowd in the hall and street below, and the volumes of smoke above, grew denser and blacker with every second.

Someone had dragged Jack out upon the landing. For a minute or less he seemed stupid with suffocation. Then the next he had sprung to his feet with the energy of a lion awakening, and gasped out the one word:

"Clif!"

A dozen voices answered him.

"Le mari!"

"Eh, mon Dieu!"

"Le pauvre garcon!"

"Tombe."

"Disparu."

"On est il donc?"

"Ale! Sacre! La dedans."

With one wave of his huge hand, Jack swept them aside.

"And you left him *there!*" was all he said.

But the big gendarme guarding the outer door with his bucket never forgot that giant arm, which flung him against the opposite wall like a beetle, nor the great, dark figure dashing past him into the lurid darkness of smoke and flame, and hissing streams of water.

It reappeared a minute later, black from head to foot, and half-carrying, half-dragging a lifeless, helpless body, the golden hair burnt to the head, the limp, dangling hands scorched and bleeding.

"Throw water over him, you idiots!" Jack cried.

And then he knelt down beside the insensible form, tearing off the charred and smouldering clothes, and calling to his friend by all the old boyish terms to come back again to life and him.

Long before awakening animation gave him even time to look around, the fire engine had got the flames under sufficiently for people to enter the inner room. The cry of horror and dead silence that followed startled him. He set his teeth hard; but not all his manhood could repress a fierce, sickening shudder as the people on the stairs parted to make room for two firemen carrying something black and charred, and covered with a cost, between them.

"Smothered in her sleep," someone said, "and dead before the flames could touch her. She never uttered one cry."

"Thank God for it!" Jack muttered, as he hid his face within his trembling hands.

It was her own doing. With the spiteful desire of mortifying her husband, she had locked and bolted him out before going to rest, and had fallen asleep reading before the fire. The candle had caught the light window curtains, and traveled to the heavier damask ones of the bed; and owing to the double fact of closed inside venetians, and the hotel being so empty that there was no one else on that landing, the flames were not discovered till the whole room was on fire, and the smoke and smell had penetrated to the passage without.

It was a comfort to think that she had not suffered at all; that the pretty face which had done so much mischief was laid in the grave smooth and uninjured, with only a half fretful pout upon the rosy, childish lips.

Two mourners stood beside the grave in Pere le Chaise—her husband, his face still haggard and scarred from the fire, one arm in a sling, and his whole person showing signs of illness and suffering; and the big man on whose strong arm he leant, and who, as soon as the service was over, hurried him into a close carriage and home to the hotel—another one—where they were lodging, and where for the last week he had been doing duty as head nurse and comforter, with more patience and tenderness than many a woman, though without wasting quite as many words over it as some.

"God bless you, Jack!" Clifton said sadly, as his friend mixed a glass of brandy and water and brought it to him. "I'm not worth so much care, least of all from you. Why don't you leave me, and go after your own business?"

"Because I don't choose," said Jack gruffly; "so just shut up. I never saw such a boy for jaw. Catch me letting you out of my sight again, that's all!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

EFFECTS OF DRINKING COLD WATER.—An ardent temperance man was talking to a crowd of drinkers once at Sharon Springs, telling them of the awful effects of drinking ardent spirits. A noted toper in the crowd said, "Now, mister, I just want to tell you why I take a dram occasionally. I knew a man once who believed exactly as you do; never drank anything but cold water. He died suddenly, so the doctor said of apoplexy; but when they came to open him, they found him full of *icicles!*"

A SAD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRETT SYLVESTER.

'Twas twelve o'clock, the guests were gone,
And she and I were left alone.

I called her love and darling, but
She answered not a word;
I called her Venus, and I said
She was the bulbul bird.
I told her that her face was bright,
That diamonds were her eyes,
And that her hair had hues of light
Which came from paradise.
I said her neck was swan-like, and
Her form of classic mold;
That a "white wonder" was her hand
For sculptor to behold;
That her dear feet were tiny, and
Her talk all grace and fire,
Her tout ensemble one that might
Make tomes of poetry;
And that her mind was like her form,
A marvel of delight.
The one a temple rich and warm,
The rest a spirit bright.
I fell before her, and I swore
By night and day to love,
That never had I known before
What 'twas a mortal to adore.
But still she would not move—

I spoke of silks and dresses,
And of ribbons of all hues;
Of artificial flowers, and
Of all the Paris news;
Of scandals, deaths and weddings,
Receptions, parties, balls,
Births, fashion-plates, and operas—
Still silent as the walls!
I told of gnawing love, and how
It racked its heart till sore,
The horrid worm that feeds upon
Life's sweetest, tend'rest core.
Said I: "See symptoms of that worm
An never seen before!
Symptoms thou only canst abate—
Thee only I adore."
And yet my words all pleaded were
As vainly as before.

The poets next within my reach—
The soulful poets all—
With touches from my muse,
Love's deepest, barest thrall.
Insensate still!—one effort more
In French, Italian, spoken—
The French *mesmeric*, but such as we
Call "good, though little broken;"
Th' Italian from the opera,
With fond endearments—
Still rigid silence, still the maid
Hushed as a desert's inmost shade.

In desperation then I caught
Hope in a golden view;
Perhaps a necklace might be bought—
O idea dread, not new!
For Shakespeare, I believe, has said
That quiet jewels often
Will run clean through a darling's head
Which nothing else can soften.

Forth from its case I took a gem
That glittered in my sight,
And asked her if to offer it
In humbled love I might.
She thought it pretty, so she said,
And toyed with it awhile,
Then gave it back to me again
With such a listless smile.
I cried: "It is no counterfeit,
But stones of precious worth—
The gold is rich, the artist rare—
And are such food for mirth?"
"Oh, no," she said, "it is not *that*,"
Then back relapsed, and silent sat!

"Marvel of womankind," I cried,
"Whom flattery will not move,
Nor jewels fit for royal bride,
Nor any of love,
With whom French falls; nor opera,
Nor laces, ribbons silk,
Whom naught can tempt even to smile or sigh—
A statue wert thou, were!
What, problem thou of all thy sex,
And must I then depart,
To find through life the dark regret
That thou dost lack a heart?"
No answer. And the languid lid
Of one dear, almond eye
Just drooped in fringe till half it hid
That star in beauty's sky.
'Twas not a *wink*—no, not a wink—
That gorgeous orb gave me.
What was the sign, I asked my soul,
What symptom could it be?

In jealous rage I thundered out:
"Another is beloved!
If this be so, this torture end.
Speak it," I cried, "some comfort lend."
Yet not one feature moved.

"Perchance," I raved, "thou wilt not wed—
Of Zion's daughters art thou,
Chanting faint hymns unto the moon,
All dead to mortal vow;
A convent is thy heart, my love,
A convent, and no more!"
Yet not a feature seemed to move,
But—did—I—hear—a—snore?

In slumber deep I left the maid,
To learn—what? that she
Was of the sort whom I had heard
Were given to a "spree,"
Whenany she chose their spell
The liquor-closet key.
And thought that she could "sleep it off"
Before a soul should see
That her repose and stolidness
Were wine, not dignity;
And but her maid the secret knew,
Who was what the men call "blue."
Had I but left an hour before,
I had escaped the telltale snore.
She often saw her father "tight,"
And a genteel man was he;
Often she saw her brother reel
And laugh about his "spree,"
And heard his tales of nightly rouse
At midnight through the town,
And how he staggered to the house,
Gay as a circus clown.
Glasses had jingled near her ears
From infancy till then,
For scarce a night but drunken cheers
She heard from merry men;
"Twas seldom, her mother said,
And so, by slow degrees,
This lovely Annie drooped her head,
And fell in lies of ease.

And even with the words the door shook, cracked, and gave way, actually torn from its hinges, and crashing back upon the floor within, borne down by the gigantic strength of the two young men. The next moment they had passed it, and disappeared into the thick, gray smoke filling the room, and pouring out, from the door was down, in so dense and stifling a volume upon the gallery and staircase as to drive back the eager women and children shrieking to the hall below.

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It was her own doing. With the spiteful desire of mortifying her husband, she had locked and bolted him out before going to rest, and had fallen asleep reading before the fire. The candle had caught the light window curtains, and traveled to the heavier damask ones of the bed; and owing to the double fact of closed inside venetians, and the hotel being so empty that there was no one else on that landing, the flames were not discovered till the whole room was on fire, and the smoke and smell had penetrated to the passage without.

It was a comfort to think that she had not suffered at all; that the pretty face which had done so much mischief was laid in the grave smooth and uninjured, with only a half fretful pout upon the rosy, childish lips.

Two mourners stood beside the grave in Pere le Chaise—her husband, his face still haggard and scarred from the fire, one arm in a sling, and his whole person showing signs of illness and suffering; and the big man on whose strong arm he leant, and who, as soon as the service was over, hurried him into a close carriage and home to the hotel—another one—where they were lodging, and where for the last week he had been doing duty as head nurse and comforter, with more patience and tenderness than many a woman, though without wasting quite as many words over it as some.

"God bless you, Jack!" Clifton said sadly, as his friend mixed a glass of brandy and water and brought it to him. "I'm not worth so much care, least of all from you. Why don't you leave me, and go after your own business?"

"Because I don't choose," said Jack gruffly; "so just shut up. I never saw such a boy for jaw. Catch me letting you out of my sight again, that's all!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOME MODERN "SAWS,"

Some Ancient "Saws" Reset and Touched Up, Together with Some Homilies and Things.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SI SLOKUM.

"SELF-MADE MEN" are comparatively rare. *Self* unmade men are as many as the sands, comparatively again. Any man can be the architect of his own ruin, but it requires a different *draught*s-man on the fabric of success.

STRICT VIRTUE requires the highest courage. We are satisfied that courage does not obtain to that extent with the genus homo that cowardice does—that there are more cravens than heroes, sorry as we are to say it.

"GOOD WINE needs no bush," says an ancient "saw." Correct; but as a "modern instance," it requires $3.50 and upwards to procure an "interview" with a bottle, sorry as we are to say it, again.

POVERTY needs no accuser. The guilt thereof is manifestly clear to all observers. Accusation is superfluous.

WEALTH needs no trumpet to announce its presence or its coming. The *gilt* thereof is very *loud*, of itself, and rarely muffles its tones. Silence, which is "golden," is seldom observed by wealth, singular as it may seem.

AMBITION is the spur of advancement. It says to him who would rise, "Climb that height to its top. Step gently over those on the way up, if you can, but climb the height." The "spur" then buries itself rowel deep into the flank of the aspirant, and he climbs.

HOPE requires great patience to wrestle successfully with for a long term of years, and not get "heart-sick." We know a man who, for twenty years, has been hoping to hear of the demise of his mother-in-law, in which event, her only child, the wife of this man, would become heir to a valuable property. The old lady will not oblige him, however. His "fond hope" of "twenty years' standing," and does not demise worth a cent. While her "lamp still holds out to burn," our friend still hopes bravely on, with no sign of weakening. But then he is a man of wonderful patience.

MONEY hath the better of beauty in this respect: beauty's chief support should be modesty, while modesty requireth not the support of beauty, but can "play it alone."

"CHEEK" is the acme of human qualities or attributes. Genuine "cheek" is a natural gift, and cannot be acquired any more than honesty by a Congressman. It has no affinity with modesty, and truth offers no impediment to its progress, it o'erleaping this as readily as the festive flea a pimple on a human body. Education, talent and merit before "cheek" must need hide their diminished heads, and their ineffectual fires must pale. To sum up, "cheek" is to the human mind what "grit" is to a man. We know of some men who would "go to the devil," as the saying is, were it not for this "grit;" and we know of others who have gone thither on account of this same "grit." If "blessed" with the "gift," think of the caution required in the handling of nitro-glycerine, and act accordingly. A friend of ours says, a *good deal* of "cheek" is a good thing, but too much of it is worse than ——

CIVILIZATION: something invented by a "select few" to get the best of "all the world and the rest of mankind," including "Lo" of Western notoriety. By it, the rich get richer and the poor poorer, which makes an even thing of it, you know.

"HONESTY is the best policy," it is said. This, smacking as it does of what is not always honest—policy—is rather equivocal, we think. Honesty is a disease not very generally prevalent in Christendom, though many claim to "have it bad." It is greatly professed, though but little practiced. Though individuals wag the word freely on their tongues, honesty is not popular with the masses at large as something to be religiously observed, as it is not considered conducive to a rapid accumulation of mammon. For this reason honesty receives the "cold shake" from the world at large and the greater portion of mankind generally, though highly extolled and warmly advocated by individuals of the human family, proving that, though out of sight, it is not out of mind. There are a few men in this country whose names always carry the prefix "honest," and of such Gotham has one who plumes himself upon this prefix, insisting that he is entitled to it, and that it truly becomes him, malgre the manifestations and manoeuvres of Mayor Havemeyer to the contrary. Many profess to regard honesty with admiration, and doubtless keep it at a distance, because "distance lends enchantment to the view." All in all, honesty, *per se*, without being "handicapped" with "policy," is far more honored in the breach than in the observance at this period, proving that the world has not wagged much in the direction of honesty since that "truly good man" Diogenes went about with a lantern in search of an honest man, which is a deplorable proving. However, considering that the chief end of man is the rapid accumulation of immense wealth, it is well, perhaps, that no "entangling alliances" are formed with principles that might militate against the devoutly-to-be-wished-for end aimed at in this, the nineteenth century. Let our readers understand that we do not dispute the proposition that "honesty is the best policy," but only regret that such bastard honesty even is not more conspicuous in our day and generation. A cursory glance at the times will satisfy the most stupid that fraud and "embezzlement," "defalcation" and "jobbery" have pushed even "policy" honesty to the wall.

RASKNALL: a poisoned bullet.

RAKES differ. First we have the hand-rake for collecting hay, and the garden-rake with iron teeth for tickling the earth, or collecting stones and things not ornamental to a garden, either of which may be propelled by a small boy or one of the gentler sex. Then we have the horse-rake, a full-grown and energetic collector of hay, when this commodity lies round loose in large quantities. The horse-rake may be propelled by a horse, a mule, a jackass, a steer, or even a cow, but in any event it would be a horse-rake. Much depends on the vigor and vim of the motive power for a successful gathering of hay in a short time; and we should advise you to steer clear of the cow, and give the horse the preference even over a jackass of two-horse power, if a storm threatens; for the bovine animal is slow and indifferent, and the jackass is liable to be very "onsartin." Then we have the "rake" of a mast, the "fore-rake" and "rake-aft" of a ship, and the "rake" of a mill-saw. Then we have the "rake" of the genus homo, propelled by scandalous vices, and an undesirable instrument to have in a well-regulated household. But more disreputable than this "rake" even, and the crowning rake of infamy in this country, was the "Credit Mobilier" "rake," and with this we will "rake out."

HOW MEN HAVE FALLEN.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HARRY HARRIS.

Away off here in California we often meet with objects that make one's heart melt with sympathy on beholding them; and if any there are that could pass them by without uttering a word of pity, then I can say, without fear of contradiction, that they cannot be human.

To begin my narrative, I will commence with a once famous character (now in the insane asylum), and known to all Californians as the "Guttersnipe." This individual, it is said, came to California in '49, and by dint of perseverance, being a quiet and unassuming young man, he accumulated quite a fortune. After being here a few years, during which he was continually adding to his coffers, he returned East; and (as in all other stories) he loved "not wisely but too well"—as the sequel will show—a fiend in the garb of a woman. He idolized her and would have given his life for her were she to ask it. If anyone were to say in those days that she was false, then woe be to him that made the utterance. But enough! As the day drew near on which they were to become as one, and everything being in readiness for the ceremony, she (hard-hearted wretch), with the firmness of a lion, said "she did not and could not love him." He turned a deathly pallor and fainted. When recovering consciousness, he asked to be brought to the destroyer of his peace, and when in her presence spoke these words, his last to her:

"My darling E——, you know I love you; but since you do not bear that same feeling for me, 'tis better we now part than live a miserable existence. God bless you!"

She did not drop a tear, nor did she show the least remorse.

From that day he was a different man, and began to speak incoherently, till people suspected something wrong. Still they did not broach the subject. He returned to San Francisco, however, and entered into business. It became apparent to everybody with whom he had dealings that his mind was diseased. In that condition he was cheated of his all by the gamblers and cutthroats who were abundant in those days. Being friendless and without money—for without money a man has no friends—he slept on the streets and ate from the gutters, refusing all offers of food and clothing from charitably disposed persons; whereas, if they saw the food he was going to get, he would walk back, pick it up and eat it. He was once asked in to take a lunch with a preacher of the gospel. He thanked him for his kindness, saying "that, as much as he would like to, he could not, his faith in human nature being crushed." As he was harmless, the authorities never molested him; but one day, while walking peaceably along, a crowd of school-children began to fling stones and vulgar epithets at him. Of this he did not seem to take any notice until a missile struck him on the head, when he turned back and caught one, administering a sound thrashing. For this he was arrested, examined by the lunacy commissioners, and sent to the Stockton Insane Asylum, where he has been ever since.

Another character, who roams our streets carrying an oyster-can, and supplied with beer-barrels that may be left outside by grocers or saloon-keepers, with the remains of a little stale beer within them, is known by all Californians, and perhaps to some New Yorkers who have been here, by the sobriquet of "Philosopher Jack." This dilapidated mortal must have been an intelligent man in his day; for, having reached the age of seventy-five years, he yet exhibits no small degree of intelligence. Every day may be seen clusters of children crowding around him, to whom he talks like a father, giving them all very sound advice. In mathematics, and in fact in all branches of learning, he is said to have been an expert, and schoolboys often went to him with difficult problems to be solved, and on every occasion he would bring them out correct. In appearance he is a fiend, being perfectly swollen with putrid beer. How this man fell below his fellow-man is easily made known. Being a pioneer, having arrived in '50, he made a fortune, settled down, and was cheated by unprincipled rogues of everything earthly, lost his family, took to drink to drown his sorrows, and is now beyond redemption. He was taken in hand by some benevolent organizations some years ago; and after being furnished employment and a new suit of clothes, he looked like a gray-headed professor of science. But what a change came o'er "Philosopher Jack!" In less than three months he was again the "knight of the oyster-can." I might go on enumerating many more such characters, but these will suffice to show how men have fallen, proving thereby that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

San Francisco, Sept. 28, '74.

SMALL TALK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY W. H. STOUTENBURGH.

OUR NERVES are moderately strong, but it always did shake them considerably to watch a cross-eyed woman, with no teeth, attempt to thread a fine needle with coarse cotton.

THE LATEST SHOPPING-GLOVES are manufactured from dogskin. A kind of "gift" to be bought—to *cur-tail* their expenditure of pin-money, the originator will not have lived in vain.

THERE IS NOTHING that will eradicate the conceit from a man so quickly and effectively as to be appealed to at the dinner-table on some question of discussion, when he is absorbed in the earnest contemplation of a well-buttered ear of corn, and is painfully aware that seven streams of running grease are off on a scouring expedition along his chin.

HOBSON had a tooth pulled last week. Generally speaking, we believe Hobson to be a man of veracity

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

LOVELY MARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ROBERT McKAY.

How can ye sing so blithe, ye birds
That flit through forest arches?
Have ye not heard my warning words?
Be silent! Grim Death marches
Abroad o'er all this smiling land.
Be watchful and be wary,
Else will he smite thy merry band
As did he lovely Mary,

In June, the young year's maidenhood,
When green the grass was growing,
And when I spoke my heartfelt love
Ye stored each dear expression;
Or when I snatched a honeyed kiss
From her red lips with neatness,
Ye seemed to say 'twere not amiss,
A taste of such chaste sweetness.

But yet ye sing the same old song
That charmed me and my lover,
When arm-in-arm we strayed along
Among the dew-wet clover.
Have ye no dirge, no sweet, sad strain,
On which to string the praises
Of one who loved thee, and is lain
In death beneath the daisies?

MARRIED UNDER PROTEST.

It is not an uncommon thing to pick up an Eastern newspaper in which we find sometimes laughable and again ridiculous accounts of performances indulged in at the foot of the hymenial altar; unpleasant situations and circumstances surrounding that important epoch in life, "the wedding-day." We have just learned of such a proceeding near at home, and it is explained in the heading of this item. Upon the farm of Mr. C. M. Bacon, a few miles from this city, reside a family consisting in most part of marriageable daughters. One evening a young man from the shades of Olympia, W. T., crossed the vision of one of the young ladies, leaving a lifelong impression. The young man, unfortunately, had rather a dark complexion, but to the young love it was nothing. Months hurried by until the climax came, a short time ago. The proposal and consent was accepted. Arrangements for the occasion were speedily made, and a messenger sent to Beaverton for a Justice of the Peace, who arrived in due time. The parties marched into the room, where the J. P. got a good look at the happy bridegroom. He began to tremble, and in a confused manner signified his desire to see him outside. The assembled guests gazed with surprise on the proceedings. Once out of hearing, the officer said: "See here, young man, the law will not admit of my performing this ceremony, as it emphatically states that no colored man can be lawfully married to a white woman, and I won't do it." The bridegroom foamed and raved, and, had he not been restrained, would have erected a top-knot on the Justice. The young lady declared she would marry him at any rate. Things had become somewhat mixed, when a "learned" man insisted that the adoption of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments repealed that law effectually. This was a stunner to the Justice, who, not wishing to show ignorance on the subject, said that matter had not been settled; it was still in doubt. After considerable coaxing and pleading, the J. P. said: "See here, ladies and gentlemen, I will marry the couple on the condition, that in case it turns out if it turns out the adoption of those amendments did not repeal the law, the marriage shall be pronounced null and void and I released from blame." It was agreed to; so the twain were made one flesh, under protest, and are still living under a cloud of uncertainty.—*Portland* (Me.) *Bulletin.*

NOVEL BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

There is now a suit pending before the Superior Court of this county, in which the facts, as alleged, are these: A young girl two years ago loaned to her lover and intended husband the amount of $1,500, to be applied to the building of their future house, on a lot that the lover said he possessed. A year rolled around, and no house was built. Their prospective home was a castle in the air. The lover owned no lot, but had spent his sweetheart's money in the improvement of his mother's house. The fact was discovered by the lady, and she expostulated with him, but he was still enabled to play upon her implicit confidence, and convince her that all would yet be well. Thus matters stood for some months, and she found that she was in a condition that an immediate marriage or shame was all that was left to her choice. She had loved not wisely, but too well, and had given to him her girlhood's chiefest charm, and besought him with all the agony of a woman wifely wronged to give to her her only redemption—marriage; she asked that her unborn child might not be made a reproach to him and to her. In her agony of grief and shame, she besought as a sinner dashed down to hell might ask for redemption. He refused; his heart, if he had one, was of steel; he spurned her from him; and, heeding not her bitter tears, he quitted the town, and has not since been heard of. In the meantime their child had been born, but, fortunately, did not live to be taunted with its mother's shame or its father's infidelity. Now, after years have gone by, the girl seeks her only redress in the recovery of her money fraudulently obtained, and has sued the mother for the money borrowed by her son, she (the mother) being present when the money was borrowed, and was a party to the agreement of and consenting to the marriage. The suit is brought on the grounds that the mother received all the benefits of the money, was present when the loan was made, and knew her son had no lot in the city, and knew also of his promised marriage, and that that was the means adopted to get the funds. These are simply the facts as alleged in the petition now in the court-house.—*Atlanta* (Ga.) *News.*

A FAITHLESS WIFE AND A TRAGEDY.—It may be remembered that M. Duc is a physician, not without repute, who, on the 16th of July, shot his wife, in Paris, France. The case, when opened, showed a mean, and scandalous, and miserable story. In 1860 the doctor was called to attend a Mme. Boulanger, who lived separate from her husband, "and presented," said the Judge, "a wretched example to her daughter." Duc fell in love with that daughter and married her. For twelve years they dwelt happily together, with two children. In 1872 M. Duc, who led a very studious life, perceived a great change in his home. Mme. Duc became cold in manner and careless of household matters. Hence jealousy and alarm. One day Duc strikes her, by accident, he says, and the wife immediately seeks comfort at her mother's house, vowing never to return. But return she does, all the same. Then a dismissed servant betrays her, handing to the husband a shameless letter she had intercepted. This offense is forgiven for the children's sake. But again and again suspicious matters arise, until at length another servant takes pity on the injured husband—if pity it is that would give a man the certainty of shame and misery. From that interview Duc goes to the Place du Palais Royal, meets his wife, forces her to come home with him, and then shoots her. She recovers, and writes a letter to some man she had "met in the street," the very day after the attempt. She thanks the man for a serenade, and says she was born to be *incomprise.* This, with the ball still unextracted! Yesterday she appeared in court, very elegantly dressed, looking quite calm, and listening with no visible emotion to her husband, the prisoner's, sobs. She is a good-looking woman, tall, pale, fine, frowning rather, and with thin lips; not the creature to be carried away by passion, but the willing slave of a mind diseased. The story was told without dispute, the jury deliberated, and a crowded audience gave applause when they brought in a verdict of not guilty.—*London* (Eng.) *Telegraph*, Sept. 29.

A ROMANCE OF TWO CONTINENTS.—Fifty years ago a young English officer named Hendricks was traveling with his sister in Italy, where he met, wooed, won and ran off with the charming daughter of a rich and proud nobleman. Even as the father of Desdemona disowned her, so the Italian Count swore never again to acknowledge his recreant daughter. Nothing disturbed thereat, she accompanied her husband to the British dominions in North America, thence to New York, where, after giving birth to a daughter, she died. Hendricks, having thus lost his wife, gave himself up to dissipation, but was so far mindful of his motherless infant as to marry a German woman who had taken a fancy to the child. The girl grew to maidenhood, receiving little education, for the family was poor, and when still young was married at Vincennes, Indiana, to an Ohio-river mate named Hiram Titus. They lived happily enough until Titus died, when she removed to Louisville, where she led, if not a dissolute, still not a virtuous life. Now the Count, her grandfather, has yielded to Heaven his vital trust, and as sole lineal heir she has gone to Italy to claim his title and his wealth. The fortune which thus falls to her is variously estimated at from $200,000 to $800,000.

A PARIS SCANDAL.—A few days ago *The Figaro* related the adventures of a young woman of the demi-monde, famous for her yellow hair, and a young Belgian nobleman, who had made her a present of a carriage and pair, driven by a negro. Suspecting the fidelity of his mistress, he one day blackened his face and put on the servant's livery, with the idea of catching her tripping. The plan succeeded, as he found that, on alighting, she joined a young man who was waiting for her. On her return, when she was about to enter the carriage, he gave her two sharp cuts across the face with the whip and then drove off, leaving her standing where she was. The epilogue of the story is amusing. The real coachman, on hearing of what had been done, thought his dignity compromised, and addressed the following letter to his master:

MONSIEUR LE BARON: I am only a poor negro, but I should never have conducted myself on your seat as you have done, when using my name, my wig and my color. Nor should I ever have confided them to you if I had known what you intended to do with them. I resign my place and bid you adieu. TOM VANKERIK.

The Baron talks of having the letter framed and hung up in the most prominent place in his apartment.

KISSED HIM FOR HER BROTHER.—*The Buffalo Express* tells a story about a young fellow who was standing on the platform of the Erie depot at Avon a few days ago, when the train came in from Buffalo. When it stopped, a young lady raised a car window, looked intently at him a minute, and then came out. Jumping from the car, she rushed up to where he stood, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. The young man, being a proper young man, and much surprised at such conduct on a strange lady's part, quickly freed himself from her embrace. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. She looked at him very closely, turned sixteen different colors, and apologized. She had mistaken him for a brother whom she had not seen for years, but who had promised to meet her at Avon.

AN IMPROPER INTIMACY between a choir leader in a Maine village and a girl in his choir has been brought to light in a curious manner. The familiarity of the couple has caused considerable gossip, and the man's wife had a dream that a certain trunk in the house contained letters that would throw light on the matter. The trunk and the girl's apartments being searched, letters disclosing the crime were found. A hollow post in the village had been used by the parties as a place to deposit their letters. The girl has been sent off to school, and the woman is going to get a divorce, if she can.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS AND WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Once after Sheridan had lost at play all the money he had last borrowed, and was passing out into the street, feeling in a very bad humor, he saw a poor fellow stooping down to tie his shoe. So what should he do but kick the man over on his face, with the remark, "D—n you, you are always tying your shoes!" When a man is in a bad humor, it is a great relief to him to find some object on which he can vent his wrath without running any personal risk. A married man will always find such an object in his amiable wife. Whenever you feel worried about anything, abuse your wife; it will be a great relief to you. And when she appears before company with red eyes from weeping, assume the most affectionate manner, and chide her for going out shopping on such a raw and windy day.

BASEBALL.

ATLANTIC vs. BOSTON.
The Champions Defeated in Brooklyn.

Atlantic stock is on the rise, and it deserves to be held in high esteem, for if ever a nine has fought a hard up-hill game, and pluckily battled against difficulty after difficulty, it has been the Atlantic team of 1874. With just sufficient of the old element in the nine to give it the aid of the nerve, pluck and experience of the original stock, the Atlantic team of this season has been composed of a mixture of old and young blood, which has worked well in a majority of the games played. First and foremost, they have trained up a young pitcher, who bids fair to be a second Creighton; and could they have furnished a catcher equal to the onerous task of supporting as ably as White supports Spaulding or Allison supports Mathews, the opponents of the Atlantics would have had work to do to win a ball from them. As it is, the task has been difficult on all occasions when Bond has had a good man behind the bat, and the second base has been as well attended to as the other infield positions of the Atlantic nine—these two positions having been their weak points this season. Outside of the regular old Atlantic players—Pearce, Chapman and Ferguson, and their latest acquisitions, Booth and Bond—Captain and Manager Ferguson has played no less than eleven other players in the nine, their experimental catchers having been Farrow, Kessler, Hodes, Knowdell and Fleet, the latter, apparently, being the most successful; while at second base they have tried Hall—retired from lameness of arm—Farrow, West, Fleet, and lastly Sweasy, the latter filling the position with the most success. Kessler and Knowdell were wounded in service and are now recuperating, both pluckily playing behind the bat until disabled. The nine they have now got together is the strongest they have presented this season, as their recent brilliant successes fully prove, for since October 2 the Atlantics have lost but a single game out of nine played, with this team as their representatives, the record of their games being as follows:

Oct. 3, Atlantic vs. Baltimore	5 to 2
Oct. 7, Atlantic vs. Boston (tie game, eleven innings)	5 3
Oct. 12, Atlantic vs. Athletic	3 2
Oct. 13, Athletic vs. Atlantic	6 4
Oct. 14, Atlantic vs. Hartford	9 8
Oct. 16, Atlantic vs. Hartford	3 2
Oct. 17, Atlantic vs. Mutual	5 4
Oct. 20, Atlantic vs. Mutual	5 0
Oct. 21, Atlantic vs. Boston	8 6

This is a record Ferguson and his team may well be proud of, and the Brooklyn people should support the Atlantics for 1875, and enable them to present the out club banner to the breeze again. There is a great deal in a name in baseball, and the Atlantic old record, one yet to be marred by any disreputable act, is one that is itself a strong basis for a successful professional organization. But to the latest of the Atlantics' later triumphs.

On Wednesday, the 21st inst., the Atlantics met the Red Stockings on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, in the presence of a numerous assemblage, over two thousand people witnessing the game, the weather being remarkably pleasant and a close and exciting contest being anticipated. The fine play of the Atlantics in their last two games with the Mutuals had made it doubtful in the mind of Manager Harry Wright whether the Reds would be able to get away with them, and the nine did not go into the fight feeling as confident as they usually do. Harry did not play. In fact, since the last Mutual match—in which he sprained his knee—he has not taken part in any game except as an outside captain, which position he will probably occupy the remainder of the season, and in this, Harry says, he has seen a good many points which he was not able to see while in the field. It is a noteworthy fact that in this game there were nine players who took part in the celebrated contest in June 14, 1870, in which the Atlantics first interrupted the successful career of the Red Stockings, who from the close of 1868 up to June, 1870, had not lost a single game. As a matter of interesting reference, we give below the score of the match in question, the names of the players who took part in last Wednesday's match being in italics.

CINCINNATI.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Geo. Wright, ss	2	3	2	4	*Pearce*, s.s	2	3	1	2
Gould, 1st b	0	0	9	0	Smith, 3d b	2	3	1	4
Waterman, 3d b	0	2	1	4	Start, 1st b	2	3	14	0
Allison, c	1	3	5	0	*Chapman*, l f	0	0	2	0
H. Wright, c f	0	1	3	0	*Ferguson*, c	1	2	4	0
Leonard, l f	0	0	2	0	Zettlein, p	0	1	3	0
Brainard, p	2	2	0	1	*Hall*, c f	0	0	1	0
Sweasy, 2d b	2	3	7	5	Fike, 2d b	0	1	2	6
McVey, r f	0	0	2	0	McDonald, r f	0	1	2	0
Totals	7	14	33	14	Totals	8	14	33	9

Cincinnati	2	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	2—7
Atlantic	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—8

Runs earned—Cincinnati, 2; Atlantic, 1. Umpire, Mr. C. Mills of the Mutual. Time, 2h. 30m.

This last contest was, in some respects, similar to the game of 1870. The score of the first match was tied, 5 to 5, in the eighth inning, and of this last game, in the ninth, by 6 to 6. Ferguson's hit saved the Atlantics in the first game as it did in this last, the difference being that the Atlantics made their winning rally in 1870 in the eleventh inning, while in 1874 they made it in their ninth.

Play was called at 3.20 P. M., at which time the Bostons, having lost the toss, went to the bat. George Wright led off with a high ball to McGee, and took his seat. Then Barnes hit a fair-foul near the plate, and was touched by Fleet before starting to run. Spalding then hit a hot one to Dick, and reached his base safely; but, as Pearce offset his error by putting White out, a blank was drawn. Spalding began pitching very inaccurately in this inning, no less than nine wides being called on him, Chapman leading off by having his base given him on wides. Then Ferguson hit to Wright, who passed the ball to Chapman, who in running up against Barnes prevented a double-play, Barnes not being on the line of the base, but actually on the base. Pearce followed with the first base-hit—a fair-foul; but Bond hit to O'Rourke, and this, with the chance offered for the double-play, prevented any runs being earned off the pitching. Fleet hit a high ball to short centre, which Barnes failed to hold, and on this error Ferguson and Pearce got in, and, as Sweasy and Dehlman followed with clean hits, two runs was scored. As Barnes, too, fumbled McGee's ball, still another life and a run was given, Booth finally ending the inning with a ball to O'Rourke. This left an important lead in the Atlantics' hands of 4 to 0, and at once the Magentas became the favorites in the market. It was now up-hill work for the Reds, and in the second inning they went in to pull up to a tie score, Leonard—after McVey had had a life given him by Sweasy, his only error—sending McVey home by his fine two-baser to left field. After the next two men had retired, Schafer hit a hot sharp bounder past Ferguson, and earned his base, he also sending Leonard home; but George Wright ended the inning by sending a ball to Sweasy, splendidly held by Dehlman after a hot throw. Neither scored in the next two innings, a pretty double play by Barnes and O'Rourke marking the Boston fielding. Bond making a very fine stop for the Atlantics. In the fifth inning Hall and Schafer opened with safe hits, and as Geo. Wright and Barnes' hits were such as to prevent any doubling-up process, though they were both thrown out, Hall and Schafer scored earned runs, thereby tieing the Atlantic score; and as the latter drew a blank, through George Wright's fine play chiefly, the fifth inning closed with the score at 4 to 4, and the game in a very interesting position. In the sixth inning, the Reds gave easy chances for outs and retired in succession, and the two first strikers on the Atlantic side were easily disposed of; but just at this time Sweasy came to the rescue with a short high ball to right field, which McVey tried hard to get under, and after Dehlman had had his base given him by wides—practically errors by the pitcher—and a passed ball had assisted the base-runners, McGee hit a high ball over McVey's head, and getting his second, two unearned runs were scored, the Atlantics thereby taking the lead again 6 to 4. In the seventh inning, after O'Rourke had retired on a high fly, Hall hit a ball to McGee, which was dropped, and, being assisted by passed balls, he got in before the inning closed; the Atlantics being blanked by Schafer's fine fielding. In the eighth inning neither side scored, and when that of "Reds" went in their last innings it looked bad for their chances of saving the game. In the previous innings Bond had pitched out McVey and Leonard on strikes in splendid style, it being the best pitching of the game. In this inning, after O'Rourke had retired, Hall hit safe, as did Schafer, the latter's hit sending Hall, who had been assisted round by a passed ball. This tied the game, but before another could be added Sweasy captured Schafer and Bond threw out Geo. Wright, and the Atlantics went in to get the winning run. It was now getting dark, and it was difficult to see the ball. McGee and Booth were the first strikers, and they were both disposed of, and Chapman had had two strikes called on him, when Spalding sent in "wides" and Chapman had his base given him. Now it was that Ferguson and Pearce came to the rescue with safe hits, and before the inning ended two more unearned runs had been added to the score, and victory perched on the Atlantic banner.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s.s	0	0	5	4	0	Chapman, r f	1	2	1	0	0
Barnes, 2d b	0	0	2	5	2	Ferguson, 3d b	2	2	1	2	1
Spalding, p	0	0	1	2	0	Pearce, s.s	1	3	1	3	1
White, c	0	0	7	0	1	Bond, p	0	0	1	7	0
McVey, r f	1	0	0	0	1	Fleet, c	1	1	5	1	5
Leonard, l f	1	1	1	0	0	Sweasy, 2d b	1	2	2	3	0
O'Rourke, 1st b	0	1	16	1	0	Dehlman, 1st b	1	1	13	0	1
Hall, c f	3	3	0	0	0	McGee, c f	0	1	3	0	1
Schafer, 3d b	1	3	1	5	0	Booth, l f	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	6	7	27	17	7	Totals	8	12	27	13	10

Boston	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—6
Atlantic	4	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0—8

Runs earned—Boston, 2; Atlantic, 0. First base by errors—Boston, 4; Atlantic, 2. Total wides pitched—By Spalding, 22; by Bond, 17. Umpire, Mr. Hastings of the Hartford Club. Time, 2h.

BOSTON vs. ATHLETIC.

In 1873, the present champions—the Bostons—won only four games of the championship series played with the Athletics, whereas during 1874 the tables have been turned, the Athletics during the most part of the season playing the majority of their men out of their positions, and, crippled, have been defeated seven out of nine games, the last defeat taking place Oct. 20, on the Athletics' grounds, Philadelphia. The weather was fine and, a pretty large attendance was noticeable for this late season. It was expected that Clapp would resume his old position with the Athletics, but, although he was on the ground, his lameness prevented him taking any part in the game. Reach also being absent, necessitated the substitution of Sensenderfer at centre-field. The Athletics commenced well, blanking their opponents, and then, by some of the cleanest hitting of the season, added Re less than five runs on seven single-base hits. McGeary's carelessness in rounding on a short fly to George Wright led to a double play, and a wild throw by George Wright afterwards prevented any of these runs from being earned. The Bostons then made three runs in their second inning off the bad fielding of Anson, Gedney and Battin, a splendid running catch by Sensenderfer being greatly applauded. Good hits by Murnan, McGeary and Anson, after two men were out, yielded an earned run to the Athletics in the fourth inning, the score then standing 6 to 3 in their favor. Careless and bad playing by Gedney, Murnan and Sensenderfer then allowed the Bostons to add three more runs on one base-hit, and thus tie their opponents' score. The Athletics made but three runs in the last five innings, and, assisted by an error of Barnes, made a run, the Bostons scoring eight runs in these last five innings by heavy hitting, materially assisted, however, by the very bad fielding of the Athletics. Gedney especially playing poorly at first base. The Bostons thus won by a score of 14 to 7, their fielding throughout being remarkably good, White and Hall taking the lead in that respect, while Barnes led at the bat. Murnan batted very well for the Athletics.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s.s	0	0	2	4	1	McMullin, l f	1	1	0	1	0
Barnes, 2d b	2	3	3	2	1	McGeary, c	0	2	1	1	3
Spalding, p	1	1	0	2	0	Anson, s.s	1	1	0	4	1
White, c	1	1	7	0	2	McBride, p	0	0	2	2	0
McVey, r f	1	1	1	0	0	Sutton, 3d b	0	1	2	2	0
Leonard, l f	1	1	1	0	0	Gedney, 1st b	1	1	12	0	4
O'Rourke, 1st b	1	2	9	0	0	Battin, 2d b	1	1	4	5	3
Hall, c f	3	1	3	0	0	Sensenderfer, c f	1	1	3	0	3
Schafer, 3d b	3	1	2	2	0	Murnan, r f	1	3	4	0	1
Totals	14	13	27	10	4	Totals	7	13	27	15	16

Boston	0	3	0	0	3	4	2	0	—14
Athletic	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0—7

Runs earned—Athletic, 1. Bases on errors—Boston, 16; Athletic, 2. Umpire, N. E. Young of Washington. Time, 2h.

MUTUAL vs. ATLANTIC.
The Mutuals "Chicagoed."

These clubs played their last championship match together on Oct. 20, on which occasion the Atlantics supplemented their handsome victory of the previous Saturday with another success, which was marked by a "Chicago" for the Mutuals, to the tune of 5 to 0. The fine form exhibited by the Atlantics led to more careful investments in the betting market, and there were not so many ready to give odds on the Mutuals as on Saturday. Yet they had the lead in the betting, it being regarded as doubtful if the Atlantics could get away with the "coming champions." The question, however, was apparently answered in the very first inning of the game, when the Mutuals, through errors by Nelson, Matthews and Allison, allowed the Atlantics to get in two earned runs, a safe hit by Bond letting in Ferguson and Pearce, who had previously had lives given them. It was not until the seventh inning that any more run-getting was seen, but in that inning Pearce led off with a base-hit, and after the next two strikers had retired, errors by Nelson and Carey gave lives, and an overpitch of Matthews let in runs. This left the Atlantics with five runs "to the good," and ended further scoring. The Mutuals found it impossible to score a single run in the game, and indeed they did not make a clean hit until after two men had been put out in the ninth inning, when Joe Start hit a "two baser" to left centre; and as Careyfollowed with a safe single, the third and second bases were occupied when Hatfield came to the bat. He hit hard and apparently safe to right centre, but Chapman ran well for the ball, captured it in style, and the Mutuals were "skunked," as the boys say.

The feature of the Atlantic fielding was Ferguson's stops and throws of fair-fouls. Dehlman's fine baseplay too was noteworthy, as also Fleet's good catching, McGee making a fine running catch. On the other side, Allison, Carey, Start and Burdock all played their positions well in a majority of innings, as did Nelson and Reach. The pitching on both sides was remarkably effective, not a run being earned in the game. What little batting was done was by the Atlantics. But it was their fielding that won on this occasion. The game was well umpired by Mr. Phelps. In the opening inning he rendered a very fair and legal decision. In the case of a foul-ball, which at first he decided fair, but, on being shown that it plainly struck foul, he reversed his decision. In the interim the players had run round, and before one of them could get back the pitcher had held the ball and passed it to the first base. As the out was the umpire's erroneous call, he very properly gave the player his base, and the Atlantics did not dispute the decision. The score is appended:

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, r f	0	0	1	0	0	Chapman, r f	0	0	1	1	0
Nelson, 2d b	0	0	1	3	1	Ferguson, 3d b	1	2	1	2	0
Start, 1st b	0	1	14	0	2	Pearce, s s	2	1	1	0	0
Carey, s s	0	1	0	4	2	Bond, p	0	1	0	2	0
Hatfield, l f	0	0	1	0	0	Fleet, c	0	2	4	2	0
Nelson, 2d b	0	0	3	3	2	Sweasy, 2d b	1	0	1	5	0
Burdock, 3d b	0	0	3	2	0	Dehlman, 1st b	1	0	16	0	0
Remsen, c	0	0	0	1	0	McGee, c	0	0	2	0	0
Matthews, p	0	0	0	2	0	Booth, l f	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	0	2	27	12	11	Totals	5	4	27	13	5

Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Atlantic	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—5

First base by errors—Mutual, 3; Atlantic, 5. Runs earned—Mutual, 0; Atlantic, 2. Total wides pitched—By Bond, 11; by Matthews, 1. Umpire, Mr. Phelps of the Mutual Club. Time, 1h. 40m.

BOSTON vs. ATLANTIC.

The last game of the championship contests between these clubs was played on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Oct. 22, in the presence of about two thousand people, the result being a victory for the Bostons, won chiefly by their superiority in baserunning, for not a run was earned in the game, and both sides went into the muffing business rather extensively for such fine players, the game not being up to the standard of the previous matches played by the Atlantic side. The weather was delightful, and both nines apparently were in good trim for play, but in the very first inning the Reds allowed their opponents to score three runs on a single base-hit. Leonard and McVey dropping fly-balls, and George Wright—making his fourth double—driving them home. Afterwards the Reds supported Spalding's pitching so well that the Atlantics were unable to add to their score until the eighth inning. In the interim the Reds began scoring by sharp base-running in the third inning, a single base-hit by George Wright leading in a run. In the sixth inning, after Barnes had had a life given him by Ferguson's bad throw to Dehlman, and Spalding had been thrown out, White, McVey and Leonard made three base-hits on which Barnes came in, and but for White's overrunning third base on a passed ball—Fleet returning the ball well to Ferguson—another run would have been scored and one earned. As it was, the pitching gave a chance for an earned run. The batting and some loose fielding together let in three runs, which gave the Bostons the lead; and now, having regained their wonted nerve and confidence, they went in heavy at the bat in the seventh inning, and scored four base-hits by Leonard, McVey, Remsen and O'Rourke they scored no less than five runs, the Atlantics getting a little demoralized in the field, a bad throw by Sweasy—his only error, his fielding being masterly with this exception—assisting the Reds at an important part of the inning's play. This, of course, settled the issue; but the Atlantics, though disheartened, went in for a rally, and, escaping a blank through a muff of Barnes, they got in two runs. This ended the rungetting, however, on both sides, the game finally closing with the following score:

ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Chapman, r f	0	0	1	0	0	G. Wright, s s	1	1	0	4	2
Ferguson, 3d b	1	0	2	3	2	Barnes, 2d b	3	2	2	8	1
Pearce, s s	2	1	1	3	2	Spalding, p	1	1	1	2	0
Bond, p	0	0	0	1	0	White, c	1	1	12	2	0
Fleet, c	1	2	4	1	1	McVey, r f	2	3	3	0	1
Sweasy, 2d b	0	0	0	0	1	Leonard, l f	2	3	1	0	0
Dehlman, 1st b	0	0	17	0	1	O'Rourke, 1st b	2	1	18	0	1
McGee, c f	0	0	2	0	0	Hall, c f	0	0	0	0	0
Booth, l f	0	1	0	0	0	Schafer, 3d b	1	2	1	4	7
Totals	4	4	27	16	5	Totals	13	14	27	18	12

Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	0—4
Boston	3	0	0	0	0	5	4	1	0—13

Runs earned—Boston, 2; Atlantic, 1. Total wides pitched—By Spalding, 1; by Bond, 1. Umpire, Mr. Matthews of the Mutual Club. Time of game, 2h. 10m.

Bond was not punished until the Reds had gained the lead, when they got in heavy on him in one inning. Sweasy's fielding at second base damaged the Bostons considerably, and Dehlman played first base first base. Fleet caught well, too, in the face of such a hot fire as Bond gave him. McVey made three good catches, and White played his position finely, as also did O'Rourke and Barnes.

PHILADELPHIA vs. ATHLETIC.

The Philadelphians and Athletics—the rival professional champions of Philadelphia—contended together for supremacy on the ball-field, on Oct. 21, for the ninth time this season. The Athletics had won the first eight games by the respective scores of 14 to 5, 7 to 1, 12 to 7, 12 to 4, 16 to 15, 12 to 6, 8 to 7, and 3 to 2, and notwithstanding the fact that they were without the services of Pearce, Chapman and Bechtel, they were backed freely to win at the odds of 100 to 80. Craver resumed his old position at second base for the Philadelphias in this game, while the Athletics played Murnan at first base and sent Gedney back to left-field. The Philadelphias took the lead at the outset, scoring four runs in the first inning, four more in five clean hard hits, and the other given by McMullin's miss. The Athletics were unable to score a run during the first seven innings, so effective was the pitching of Cummings, and so faultlessly was he backed up in the field, especially by Bechtel, Eggler and Fuller, but three clean innings then made, The Philadelphias in the meanwhile had found great difficulty in increasing their score, Craver's splendid three-base hit and a good hit by York earning the only run they made in seven consecutive innings. The Athletics scored their first run after two men were out in the eighth inning; Murnan's fine running and an excusable error of Mack's giving the first-named his third base, when a good hit of McMullin's allowed him to score. In the last inning, the Philadelphias got in another streak of heavy batting, the first six strikers making clean hits and earning four runs, two more being added by errors of Anson and McMullin. The Athletics also added a couple of runs in this inning, by the good batting of McBride, Gedney and Sensenderfer. The Philadelphias, who won by a score of 11 to 3, are deserving of great credit for their almost faultless fielding and remarkably heavy batting, the latter being in these respects the best they have exhibited this season. McGeary's catching was the most noticeable feature of the Athletics' play.

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c	1	1	4	0	0	McMullin, c f	0	2	5	2	2
Holdsworth, s.s	2	2	1	1	0	McGeary, c	0	2	5	2	2
Hicks, c	1	2	3	0	0	Anson, s s	0	1	1	4	1
Craver, 2d b	3	3	2	2	1	McBride, p	1	1	0	1	0
Bechtel, r f	0	0	1	0	0	Sutton, 3d b	0	0	1	4	0
York, l f	1	3	2	0	0	Gedney, 1st b	1	1	10	0	1
Mack, 1st b	0	0	8	0	1	Battin, 2d b	0	0	3	3	1
Fulmer, 3d b	1	1	0	5	0	Sensenderfer, r f	0	1	1	0	0
Cummings, p	1	1	0	1	0	Murnan, 1st b	1	0	7	0	1
Totals	11	15	27	9	2	Totals	3	8	27	16	9

Philadelphia	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	0—11
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2—3

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 8; Athletic, 1. Bases on errors—Philadelphia, 6 times; Athletic, 1 time. Double play—McBride, Battin and Murnan, 1. Umpire, Jas. E. Clapp of the Athletics. Time, 1h. 50m.

MYSTIC vs. FRONTIER.

A fine game was played at Prospect Park, Oct. 20, between the above clubs, which the appended score fully proves:

MYSTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	FRONTIER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
S. Denham, 1st. b	1	2	10	1		Quinn, 2d b	1	1	5	4	
Ruddy, s	1	3	0	2		Casey, c	0	2	6	0	
Hanover, 2d b	0	1	2	3		Carey, s s	0	2	0	0	
Schenck, 3d b	0	1	3	5		Osborn, 1st b	1	1	9

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Oct. 26.

LADIES' LIST.

Alexander, Laura	Davenport, Minnie	Oates, Mrs. Jas. A.
Atkinson, Mrs. Johanna	Delmay, Lu-lu	Putnam, Katie
Arnold, Mazora	De Wolfe, Kittie	Ross, Victoria
Barnard, Mrs. Geo. W.	Dayton, Miss A. L.	Randolph, Katharine R.
Blake, Annie	De Vere, Mrs. Lou	Darling, Hessie
Beamont, Julia	Ellis, Hattie	Rosario, Mrs. (2)
Bothell, Louise	Edwards, Miss Lou	Reynolds, Belle (2)
Baldwin, Minna	Fontainblean, Mlle. (2)	Ryan, Mrs. Beltri
Brooker, Alice	Fisher, Jennie	Rainford, Mrs. Marian
Bicas, Laura B. (2)	Florence, Mrs. Geo. A.	Sheldon, Ella L.
Blande, Edith	Foy, Bertha	Sholp, Annie
Cora, Mlle. (gymnast)	Fisher, Kate	Sanford, Elsie
Corbyn, Minnie	Ferrand, Viro	Sutton, Helena
Loder	Gordan, Bella	Sharp, Hollie
Courtright, Mrs. W.	Gray, Maude	Trewalla, Mrs. Jno. H.
Cassell, Mad.	Green, Mrs. Cornelia M.	Wilson, Mrs. A.
Crabtree, Lotta	Grayson, Mrs. Jennie Gilbert	Washington, Annie
Cote, Mrs. Edward Sc.	Herbert, Carrie	Willis, May
Coventry, Julia	Herd Sisters	Willard, Alice
Orabtree, Mrs.	Lowell, Zelma 10c.	Weaner, Mrs. Josephine
Cavender, Leona	Lucille, Fannie	Wren, Martha (actress)
Case, Mrs. W. (2)	Lingard, Mrs. W. H.	Western, Lucille
Constantine, Eve-line	Lynne, Augusta (song and dance)	Williams, Annie (song and dance)
Crome, Amy	Lalo Dyer (gymnast)	Warner, Augusta
De Tong, Minna	Lee, Mrs. H. C.	Victoria, Millie (gymnast)
Dresser, Mrs. Laura B. (2)	Loder, Minnie	Warner, Josie
Dunbar, Sadie	Morsey, Mrs. John	Webster, Florence
Dark, Lizzie	Mitchell, Mrs. Wm.	White, Mrs. Josephine
	McAllister, Phosa	
	Madden, Maggie J.	

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, J. O. E. 6c.	Forrester, N. C.	Rupp, Saml. (circus "biz")
Ala —	Ginivan, Mr. (of Gilday & Gini.)	Robinson, James (circus prop.)
Axtell, O. K.	Gaylord, Low	Rush, John
Adams, R.	Gilman, Frank (minstrel "biz")	Raymond, John T.
Abbott, J. Leon	Graham, Arthur	Reynolds, Jas. (of Rey. & Romer)
Ashforth, Arthur	Goss, Dan	Rivera, John C.
Austin, Charles (comed.) 6c.	Garvin, W. J.	Russell, W. (musician)
Armstrong, A. A.	Guise, A.	Reynolds, James (clown)
Ames, Emile	Gibbons, Frank	Rexford, Hy.
Alexander, Jas.	Gill, Robt.	Role, John
Allen, Jos. (musician)	Gorman, Wm. (of Gt. East. Cir.)	Rice, Dan (circus prop.)
Aldine, Ed.	Gunn, Will H.	Rodgers, Ed (with Fiske & Pratt)
Atwood, J. B.	Hall, E. M.	Rowell, Wm.
Adams, Charles (clown)	Harris, F.	Rhodes, R. E. 10c.
Belmont, Frank	Hudson, J. M.	Ryman, Add
(with Buckley)	Hogan, Ben	Robinson, Oliver S. (2)
Budworth, Jas. H.	Harper, Tom (2)	Richards, William (with Maginley)
Berdeau, Ily.	Harrison, Charles (humorist)	Rowland, James
Berry, Geo. (of Berry Bros.)	Hanchett, D.	Ravel, Chas. (2)
Bleeker, Sylvester	Hughes, Andy	Rupert, Edward 6c.
Bryant & Williams	Hanley, Martin W. 3c.	Raynor, W. G.
Beedie, C. C.	Hughes, Jas. (song and dance)	Rivers, W.
Bidwell, David	Hague, Jr., Sam	Roberts, N. D.
Burgess, Joe (circus "biz")	Holden, Frank (2)	Reveni, Nona.
Dan Throw	Henry, H.	Rooney, James S.
De Vere, Wm.	Hollywood, H. B.	Rogers, Frank
Davies, E. D.	Hicks, Chas. B.	Richards, Geo. (with Sells Bros.)
Dumont, Mr.	Hoffman, A. (violinist)	Redaes, Frank
Dingess, R. S.	Healey, Dr. Jno. E.	Stillman, Dell
Decke, Al (song and dance)	Hildebrand, F. A.	Sabey, L. A.
Dayton, Joel S.	Hilliard, H. C.	Smith, Jno. W. H.
Denier, Tony	Haverly, J. H.	Simpson, Charlie
Dysart, J. S. P.	Hallet, Lew	Smith, J. W.
Davenport, L. C.	Hart, Thos.	Savage, M. H.
Davies, M. L.	Hudson, Frank G.	Spinola, Jr. (with Sherry's Co.)
Daniels, S. A.	Hodges, D. B.	Shepard, Prof. G. B.
Dawson, H.	Harris, Len W.	Smith, Harry (ale shop "biz")
Dwyer, Frank	Ferrand, Viro	Sharpley, Sam (2)
Devere, Billy (pet)	Gordan, Bella	Sheeran, Master James
Dobson, F. B.	Gray, Maude	Sawielle, John A.
Dixon, H. (of Dup. & Benedict)	Green, Mrs. Cornelia M.	Sorlie, J. A.
Deverell, Thos. R.	Grayson, Mrs. Jennie Gilbert	Sullbaum, C. (leader)
Dicklson, Harry	Herbert, Carrie	Smith, W. H. (with Heywood's)
Davidson, Mr.	Herd Sisters	Simkins, Hy.
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)	Lowell, Zelma 10c.	Shorties, P. C.
Emmet, Joe K.	Lucille, Fannie	Sanford, Joe (gymnast)
Eagan, J. W.	Lingard, Mrs. W. H.	Smith, Dunk H. (2)
Eunice, Wm.	Lynne, Augusta (song and dance)	Scott, Geo. H.
Eckhardt, Robert (leader)	Lalo Dyer (gymnast)	Shimer, N. B.
Frost, Hyatt	Lee, Mrs. H. C.	Schultze, J. W.
Frost, J. H.	Loder, Minnie	Stoepel, Harry
Field, A. R.	Morsey, Mrs. John	Somerby, Rupert (agent)
Fisher, Sami.	Mitchell, Mrs. Wm.	Sanyeah, Sam
Frohman, August	McAllister, Phosa	Sexton, M. C. (2)
Forman, Ed	Madden, Maggie J.	Stanley, Ernest (2c)
Freeth, Jack (of Cal. Quart Co.)	Nelson, Geo. S.	Spencer, Charles (rope artist)
Foster, Geo. (with Wagner)	Niles, James	Stone, Den (circus "biz")
Fanning, Jas. T.	Norton, Geo.	Sanders, Charlie
Frampton, Wilby (trapeze). (2)	Nerry, Jas.	Sterling, John S.
Fortescue, G. K.	O'Brien, Fred	Snow, Louis A.
Fish, J. Spencer	O'Brien, John C.	Sivalls, Jas. (of Gt. East. Cir.) (2)
Fraleigh, Edgar	Ogden, Geo.	Southgate, Walter
Freeman, A. M.	Owens, John E.	Steck, Isaac
Freeman, Chas. H.	Osborn, Dan	Sherry, Jas. F.
Frost, J. H.	Purcell, A. W.	Shelley, Chas.
Fuller, Wm. M.	Pender, Geo. (manager	Smith, H.
Farrel, G. O. 10c.	Pelham, Hy	Swift, Frank
Fox, Ned	Pratt, O. S. (horse-tamer)	Spaulding, W. F.
Prize Bros.	Perry, Capt. C. M.	Schlottenbach, E. L.
Ferguson, James (with Maginley)	Peters, Gus	Specht, W. F.
	Poole, John F.	Sage, Morris
	Purcell, Barney	Steele, Chas. 34c.
	Purcell, Mr. 5c	Searong, Robert
	Price, Wally	Saules, Silas
	Prenter, W. E.	Shultz, H. F.
	Perkins, Elma	Stubis, Stokes
	Lum, Frank	Stevens, J. H.
	Luke, J. F.	Simpson, J. T.
	Le Grand (with Berger Family)	Stone, — (of Stone & Burton)
	Lee, H. C. (equestrian) 3c.	Sickney, Robt. T.
	Lennon, Geo.	Snow, Ben M.
	Montana, Sig.	Trenworth, J. C.
	Marshall, J. F.	Trewolla, J. H.
	Manchester, Bobby	Tooney, W.
	Mestayer, W. A. (2)	Turner, W. C.
	Monford, Frank (leader)	Thornton, Capt. A.
	Mantel, Fred	Taylor, John E.
	Magee, John	Varilla, Joseph 6c.
	Mack, Joe H.	Vernon, Harry
	Mooney, Ed	Valentine, Ben
	Menshgue, J.	Walters, Thomas (song-and-dance)
	Monzert, Lem	Williams, Col.
	McCullough, John	Wiltgenstein, Hugo
	Mairs, Joe	Weiss, Otto
	McLaughlin, B. J.	Wilson, Lew (of Wilson Bros.)
	Nelson, Geo. S.	Worden & Mack
	Niles, James	Williams, Prof. Sidney
	Norton, Geo.	West, Frank
	Nerry, Jas.	Welch, Jas. (stage-manager)
	O'Brien, Fred	Wickham, Hy.
	O'Brien, John C.	Wer, Billy (clog-gist)
	Ogden, Geo.	Washburn, Antonio
	Owens, John E.	Wright, Hy. O.
	Osborn, Dan	Wagner, Charlie (soloist)
	Purcell, A. W.	Woodburn, E. S. (2)
	Pender, Geo. (manager	Willis, Oscar
	Pelham, Hy	Williams, Wm. H.
	Pratt, O. S. (horse-tamer)	Williams, John A. (minstrel)
	Perry, Capt. C. M.	Whillo, Thomas
	Peters, Gus	Watson, Wm.
	Poole, John F.	Watson, Jr., Wm.
	Purcell, Barney	Watson, E. L.
	Purcell, Mr. 5c	Western, Harry
	Price, Wally	Welsh, J. H.
	Prenter, W. E.	Wagner, Cal (2)
	Perkins, Elma	Ward, James of Inter. Cir.
	Lum, Frank	Yates, N. B.
	Luke, J. F.	Young, Chas. W.
	Le Grand (with Berger Family)	
	Lee, H. C. (equestrian) 3c.	
	Lennon, Geo.	

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Oct. 26, '74.

American dramatists, American opera-singers, and American pantomimists generally have up-hill work of it in their efforts to achieve success in their native lands. The dramatist has the hardest work of all, especially if he makes New York the scene of his honest endeavors; for, unless he is "in" with the daily newspaper ring, or, failing that, omit to "see a man," the ambitious American playwright can scarcely hope for success. Mr. Bronson Howard has recently added another play to the list of native productions; and although the author has done his work well, and given the public a really clever drama, yet in certain quarters a dead-set has been made at Howard and his "Moorcroft," which goes to show how hard is the lot of the American authors, unless they exercise more craft than is usually possessed by our own people. But even now we catch glimpses of a change in this regard, and before a great while we expect to see the "newspaper ring" smashed, and to hear that Americans, hereafter, are to have an equal show with the "foreign extortioner." Our Baltimore friends are more kindly disposed to American authors than they were in former days, and are far more liberal in their treatment of native productions. Such being the case, our authors should clinch the present opportunity, and put all their energies into their work, and give the public something for which Americans may well be proud.....And talking of native authorship, we find that the talents of the juvenile young man and the youthful female run toward poetry. Now, we are always disposed to aid the young people in their desire to win a name in the walks of literature; but we find among some of them a longing for fame, and at the same time that they do not care to work for it. Thus it is that a number of these lightning calculators are in the habit of purloining the gems of recognized writers, and attaching their own names thereunto. One of these literary highwaymen sends around his stolen goods in every direction, and grows sad and sick if not published. A few days ago we received a beautiful poem "written expressly for THE NEW YORK CLIPPER," by one of 'em. The lines seemed quite familiar; and after thinking it all over for some time, we remembered that William Shakespeare was the *original* author. Yet the party who thus purloined sweet William's work is still at large, while many who have committed offenses of less degree are lying in the silent Tombs, or otherwise engaged in sculpturing in the studios at Sing Sing. A chap called Shaw writes a good deal of poetry in that way, but he will be brought up with a round turn, one of these days, and then his parents will be advertising for a lost young man. Other fledgling poets are true to themselves—that is, they have thoughts of their own, and they write them down. They scorn to forage on other authors' preserves, and even scoff at the idea of using a dictionary of rhymes. It gives us pain to reject the contributions of such people; but we are sometimes forced to do so in justice to the feelings of our "numerous readers." During the past week the mills of the gods ground slowly; nevertheless, we received quite a number and quite a variety of crude productions, extracts from a few of which are given herewith. One poem is called "Mixed," which is the best part of it, for it is mixed in an awful manner.

EXTRACT OF MIXED.

I.

One day I went out walking with a friend all by my side,
And while we were laughing and talking, we lost our
house from sight.
We spoke of rowers, and B. B. players, and then of taking
a ride,
And as we was a-speaking, we heard the cry of a child.

II.

We soon arose and started for from where the sound did
come,
And waited for many a tired mile, but against no child did
we run.
With deadly fear we started off, our bosoms filled with awe,
When sudden we come across the strangest sight you ever
saw.

This poem is continued through one hundred and ten stanzas, showing the vicissitudes of childhood's home and the vicious habits which children who run after circuses are oftimes led into; terminating in the death of the vicious one, who is precipitated over a rock-bound precipice just as the sideshowman appears in sight, and discovers his long-lost daughter. Another poem, the effervescence of an overwrought female mind, is before us. It breathes of pure friendship, such as one girl alone can entertain for another girl alone. We have room for two or three verses only:

LINES TO LOUIE JONES.

Good-bye, Louie, now bless you, dear;
Will we ever meet again in this world more?
You must ne'er forget me, Louie,
Though apart in this world we tarry.
While I, poor one, am left alone,
To sich, weep, and in sorrow moan;
My life has not been *so very* blest,
Oh, would that I might soon in heaven rest!
And you, dear Louie, too, have had sorrows,
On your fourhead I've read it in the furrows;
You have loved, too, but alas! it was in vain,
Yet cheer thee, Louie, I did the same.

But oh! should you leave this world first,
Oh, then Fate will still revenging her thirst;
Then will I press your coldish, silent lips,
That dare not be touched with the world's cold finger-tips.
Now we must part, my precious friend;
My Fame and a wreath of laurels a charm to thee lend;
While I shall tread the boards in another town,
Trying to keep peace with the world's cold frown.

Throughout this poem a strain of sadness runs, and desolation and sorrow chime in touching harmony. Who, O who, would thus willingly be touched with the world's cold frown! The following lines breathe the true spirit of love. The author is a young man whose "parents softly chide him for his tender passion," as he informs us in a private note, but who is determined to live down the frowns of outraged parents, and die for, fondly, truly loves. This is how he puts it in poetry:

TO HER.

O, boundless and tideless the wide-rolling prairie—
O, brilliant with light on the far-stretching sea:
So filled is my heart with love's true devotion,
So lighted my soul wherever I be.

Thy beautiful face, like the sun of the morning,
A halo casts o'er me like birds in their nest.
I love the, my dove! let, I love and adore thee
Are parents to choose the lave of their child?
O darling, yet linger, and say that you love me!
Ere nervous debility driveth me wild!

We have cried over this poem again and again, and even now we mildly weep as the touching appeal vibrates through our heart of hearts! Were it not that we owe a duty to our readers, we would read and write nothing but this poem "To Her." But *ecce signum, nunc bonum.* The last of which we have time to make mention is evidently the work of a gentleman whose own one has probably gone back on him, although he doesn't put it in that way. These are his

LAST WORDS.

Have you seen a dark-eyed maiden,
With tall and stately mien?
A form alike a Venus?
Of eye that she is the queen.
Of all the maids I ever seen,
She rakes 'em every time.
Have you seen her a-wandering?
So fair, so fair and so fair.

When the sky blushes red into the sunset,
And the tolls of the day they are o'er, they are o'er,
Oh, then 'tis her smile haunteth me still,
And my life she stands evermore, evermore!
Could I ever gaze on her beautiful face,
I'd care not a fig for the rest;
Oh, how happy would be my voyage through life,
Were my partner but with me, just now, just now.

.....Now, this is a real true story, and there are vouchers to prove the reliability of its truthfulness as well as of the correctness of the vouchers, as you shall see. Says the vouchist: While strolling through one of our picturesque streets last week, I espied a boy which were violating Hamlet's instructions to the players. I followed the direction of the sounds, and was led to a crack in a barn, and found myself a spectator to a full-dress rehearsal of a truly sensational play. The leading gentleman was a fourteen-year-old juvenile, in full Indian costume, and called himself Big Injin Joe. The comedian, who was two years his junior, played Funny Injin. As near as I could learn, the Indians had captured two fair young girls, aged respectively eight and ten years, who were called Bending Reed and Yanatis. The fair captives were doomed to the stake, and appeared in the costume given them by nature, and this alone was attractive. Their baby forms were encumbered by none of the inventions of art or fashion. The dread of the hour drove all blushes from their cheeks. But they possessed presence of mind enough to dance a double highland-fling before their captors, and divert their attention from the fearful torture. When the dance had left, I cannot tell when the play will be produced." This happened in Davenport, Iowa, and gives evidence of the progress of the drama out there. As a natural bit of acting, it took the house by storm.

.....Now is the time for jokers to stand in front of places of amusement, just about the time that it is letting out, and hold up opened umbrellas. The people coming out, and seeing these uplifted umbrellas, naturally conclude that it is raining, and the women tuck up their dresses, and wrap things around them; while their escorts rush out to secure carriages, etc. It's real fun.....They say that Theodore Thomas has made a fortune out West. "Our Jim" says that John T. Raymond has made *more* than a few roar in the East.....Pilgrim's progress with the Adelphi at Philadelphia has not proven advantageous, and Underhill has got under a cloud in his efforts to fill Adelphi.....The eclipse of the moon, announced for Sabbath morning, was postponed on account of the weather. Due notice will be given of the *next* performance.....Bayard Taylor, who lectured in this city on Oct. 22, is *not* one of those Taylors of whom it is said that it takes nine to make a man.....Fechter has gone to New Orleans to play an engagement, but he is *not* "without money and without Price."

CITY SUMMARY.

"JOLLY" NASH made his American debut at the Theatre Comique on Oct. 19. He is middle-aged, has a portly figure, a pleasing countenance, and easy, graceful manner. He acted in full evening dress, and sang a couple of laughing songs, which immediately gained the favor of the audience. Subsequently he performed a solo on the cornet, giving imitations of various bugle calls and their echoes, of a hautboy and of Scotch bagpipes, all of which were excellent, and elicited liberal applause. A new Ethiopian sketch by John Wild and Frank Kerns, entitled "The Colored Conductors," with the authors in the chief characters, proved quite entertaining. "Patrick's-day Parade," with Harrigan and Hart in their original characters, was revived. Charley Nolan was seen in "Cut to Come." Miss Williams and Master Gaylord continued their excellent acrobatic and contortion feats. William Carter sang fresh songs with banjo accompaniment, and introduced new witticisms. Alice Bennett and Jennie Engle sang songs. Diamond and Ryan gave character songs-and-dances. Kitty O'Neil danced a jig. "The Regular Army, O!" introduced Harrigan, Hart, Wild, Bradley, Diamond and Ryan. In the closing sketch entitled "City Life, or Tim the Tinker," D. A. Kelly, J. A. Graver, and the Misses Polly Booth, Marie Gorenflo, Kitty Tilston and Marie Stuart, not otherwise seen, performed. An excellent business was done.

Miss NEILSON began an engagement at the Lyceum Theatre on Oct. 19, acting, for the first time in America, the character of Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." Although in some of her scenes her acting was commendable, she was overweighted, and in the fourth act especially her defects were very apparent. Mr. J. H. Barnes, from the Edinburgh theatres, made his American debut, acting Benedick for the first time on any stage. He lacked dash and courtly bearing, and his performance as a whole must be pronounced tame. Miss Rosa St. Clair gave an effective performance of Hero, and among the male members of the company those deserving of favorable mention were G. B. Waldron, H. A. Weaver, Vining Bowers and Charles Rosine. The comedy was well mounted, and the costumes were magnificent. "Romeo and Juliet" was produced Thursday evening, and acted during the rest of the week. The attendance fluctuated from fair to good. Miss Neilson's engagement will close with the present week, and on Oct. 26 the Emily Soldene English Opera-bouffe Company is to commence a season. The company includes, besides Miss Soldene, the Misses Agnes Lyndhurst, Lizzy Robson, Maria Williams, Cecily Durant, Ana Brooke, Laura Carthen, Helen Travers-Nicholas, soprano; Clara Gray, Jessie Loftus, Maud Digby, Emily F. Clair, Julia Roberts and Clary Vesey, contraltos; Messrs. E. D. Beverly, first tenor; H. Lewens, principal baritone; E. Marshall, J. Wallace and C. W. Norton, comedians; J. B. Rae, buffo; Laurant, Cooper, Maynard, Quinton Hellier, tenors; F. Martin, Quilter, Cullen and Cottrell, bass singers. George Richardson is the conductor; Charles Morton, manager; John Powell, acting manager; John Wallace, stage-manager; Mrs. Smith, mistress of the wardrobe; and Mr. Cottrell, hairdresser.

BABY BENSON, Cotton and Birdue and Jennie Benson comprised the additions to the forces at Tony Pastor's on Oct. 19, where a good business was done during the week. Baby Benson is quite as attractive and piquant as when last seen in this city, and her songs-and-dances were witnessed with much pleasure. She danced a jig in a manner that would be creditable to performers of more than double her age. Cotton and Birdue are good song-and-dance people, and during the evening they gave exhibitions of their skill in clog-dancing. Jennie Benson also did a clog dance, marked by skill and rapidity of execution. The other acts included Sanford and Wilson as "The Musical Mokes;" Tony Pastor, who sang some of the most popular of his comic songs; Sanford Sisters in musical sketches; a burlesque quartet, called "The Four Prophets," by Barry, Sanford, Wilson and Frank Girard; Charles Diamond in songs-and-dances, with his own harp accompaniment; Signor Bartalo in fresh contortion acts, which were excellently well performed; Billy Barry in the adventures of "Unappreciated Talent;" "The Millmers;" and a local dramatic sketch by J. F. Poole, entitled "Broadway and the Bowery," with George F. McDonald in the chief role. This week the new appearances will be Walter Bray, Lou Sandford and Lizzie Warren; and a new dramatic sketch by John F. Poole, entitled "Kilrayed, or the Stolen Child," will be acted for the first time.

BOOTH'S THEATRE is advertised to be sold on Nov. 5, under a foreclosure of a mortgage (a third mortgage for $40,000, with costs and interest). There are mortgages on the property taking precedence of this, amounting to the sum of $300,000. Of these about $175,000 are first mortgages, and there is a later mortgage for $100,000 not yet due.

AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS has been done at the Fifth-avenue Theatre with Bronson Howard's new American comedy of "Moorcroft," which is now being acted quite smoothly. It is announced for continued production until further notice.

THE SEVENTH WEEK of the representation of Mark Twain's American drama of "The Gilded Age" at the Park Theatre commences Oct. 26. Scarcely any falling-off in the attendance is as yet perceptible. John T. Raymond's clever embodiment of the character of Col. Sellers is the town talk, and seems destined to link his name with both fame and fortune.

A NEW THEATRE is to be built for Tony Pastor on Broadway. Its location it is reported, will be between Sixteenth and Thirtieth streets.

MR. REDMOND to the contrary, owing to failure of his eyesight, Col. T. Alston Brown finds it incumbent upon him to retire from business, and to dispose of his well-established dramatic agency. About one year ago Col. Brown went to Europe, believing that a sea voyage might improve the condition of his eyes; and it did, for a time. But continued application to business since then has counteracted the beneficial effects of the voyage, and his sight is now worse than ever. His physician, therefore, has advised him to relinquish his sedentary occupation before paralysis of the optic nerve takes place, and to try another sea voyage. Accordingly, he advertises for sale his well-known dramatic agency, in this city, which he has brought up to its present high standard by industry and a close attention to the interests of his patrons. On his return from Europe he will be prepared to accept an engagement as business manager for a theatre, or as agent for a first-class traveling troupe. We are assured that Col. Brown's dramatic agency has improved with each succeeding year, and that his cash receipts have increased fifty per cent. annually; in another part of this issue Col. Brown publishes a card, to which we invite the attention of all interested in the dramatic profession.

FREDERICK MACCABE the monologue artist, whose American debut we merely referred to last week, continued his performances at Steinway Hall. The only paraphernalia seen upon the stage was a brown drapery, with an ornamental top-piece, extending across the room, which served as an admirable background for his character impersonations; a small stand, covered with a cloth; a single chair and a parlor grand piano, and upon the extreme right of the stage a full grand piano, used by the pianist to accompany most of the entertainer's songs. As Mr. Maccabe, attired in full evening-dress, stepped from behind the drapery into the presence of the audience, he received one of those cordial welcomes which are characteristic of the American people. He is of small stature, with a very youthful, almost boyish face, entirely destitute of hirsute appendages, and his deportment was modest and retiring. There was an utter absence of self-consciousness and conceit, which are the general concomitants of monologue artists. His natural voice is somewhat weak and monotonous, or purposely used in that manner, in order that his subsequent impersonations may appear in a stronger light. In a few well-chosen words he informed his auditors that he was about to give them an illustration of the art of mimicry, and that he would imitate Henry Russell, reproducing the excellences of that gentleman without caricaturing or exaggerating what might be considered his defects; and in order that those present might see how the thing was done, he would make his change of costume in the presence of the audience. When he had done so, the counterfeit presentment of Henry Russell, as he appeared in life upon the concert stage, was wonderfully correct. A loud burst of applause expressed the approval of the audience. He then seated himself at the piano and sang one of Mr. Russell's songs, accompanying himself, and giving a close and faithful copy of that vocalist's peculiar manner. As Mr. Russell was apparently well remembered by a majority of those in attendance, Mr. Maccabe, by his capital performance, at once dispelled from the auditory that slight feeling of nervousness which ever exists in mixed assemblages upon their witnessing the first efforts of a comparatively unknown performer. He then gave in rapid succession a number of character impersonations, prefacing each with a few remarks clothed in terse language and brilliant with wit, and after each delineation almost immediately reappeared upon the stage in full evening-dress. These impersonations included Mr. Solemn Sides, an ignorant and pompous old gentleman who delivered an after-dinner speech; Miss Mary May, a young lady of society, who related a depressingly chatty manner adventures with a bashful lover, and who performed upon the piano "The Ross Mazourka" and sang "Love, Beautiful Love," and a fashionable lady-killer, who sang "The Fascinating Fellow." He next gave specimens of the art of ventriloquism, which, in point of skill, far surpassed any others heretofore witnessed in this city. He used two puppets to distract the attention of the audiences, neither did he wear a mustache or whiskers to conceal the movements of the facial muscles. He held imaginary conversations with a person under the table, one behind the drapery, and one on the roof, and also gave in a most natural manner the imitation of a black-and-tan dog barking beneath the stage. During his performances his face was most of the time kept squarely toward the audience. At the close of this portion of the entertainment, the voice of one of the imaginary personages, who was supposed to be leaving the building by descending long flights of stairs, was heard gradually growing fainter and fainter, until it was lost in the distance. During all this time Mr. Maccabe was facing the audience, advancing slowly from the drapery to the footlights, and at the instant that the voice faded from hearing he spoke to the audience in his natural voice. He then gave concludingly with a delineation of "The Wandering Minstrels." The first represented the romantic view: Mr. Maccabe, attired as a Scanish troubadour, sang, with guitar accompaniment, "Cease thy Reposing, Lady, Rise;" the second presented us the reality: an itinerant street-singer clothed in rags and playing upon a penny whistle, and singing a song which was very funny. The itinerant informs us that he "has taken to the musical profession because the Government did not approve of other expedients to which he had resorted for the purpose of making money," and he confidentially tells us of the habits of his confraternity. This delineation was thoroughly artistic, and Mr. Maccabe's personal identity was completely merged in the assumed character. Every look, attitude and gesture were faithful to life, and the emaciated features, the cracked, discordant voice and the hoarse cough were given with startling reality. He gave imitations of playing upon the flute and clarionet, previously terrific exhibitions of music. His singing of "My Pretty Jane" and his efforts to strike the high note at the conclusion, upon which the success of all street-singers, according to the itinerant, depends, almost convulsed the audience with laughter. After an interval of ten minutes the performances were resumed, and Mr. Maccabe was first seen as a locomotive railway train, and by the aid of his ventriloquial powers held conversations with a great number of imaginary persons on board the train, and sang a descriptive patter song. He was next seen as Tommy Grindle, a Lancashire lad, who wound up by singing "Early in the Morning," and then as a Dutch performer, closed with an Irish sketch, Mr. Maccabe appearing as Terry O'Mulligan, and singing "My Galloping Horse." He quickly reappeared in evening-dress, and in a neat and modest speech returned thanks for his cordial reception. Mr. Maccabe is undoubtedly the best monologue artist that has appeared here since the days of Yeoman, Sam Stanley and the elder Mathews. He never repeats himself. All of his sketches are as complete and distinct from each other as though they were impersonated by separate individuals. His mimetic powers are great, and he evinces the possession of sterling dramatic ability. He elicits a hearty encore, and a number of rounds of genuine applause. Mr. Maccabe will remain at the Steinway Hall for a few weeks, and will undoubtedly receive the patronage which his merits deserve.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN commenced a farewell engagement at Booth's Theatre on Oct. 19, acting in "Henry VIII," which was cast as follows:

Katharine	Miss Cushman
Cardinal Wolsey	Geo. Vandenhoff
King Henry VIII.	John Jack
Cromwell	F. B. Warde
Cardinal Campeius	K. Sheppard
Duke of Buckingham	C. Wheatleigh
Cardinal Capucius	C. Leclercq
Lord Sands	E. Irving
Duke of Norfolk	C. Rockwell
Duke of Suffolk	D. E. Kalton
Lord High Chamberlain	E. Torrance

The tragedy was mounted with the same scenery, and the ladies and gentlemen in the cast wore the same costumes which were used on its first production at this theatre. Miss Cushman has seen fit to take her farewell of the dramatic stage, of which she has been for so many years one of its brightest ornaments, ere age has dimmed her artistic powers. Criticism at such a time is unneeded. George Vandenhoff, who had been especially engaged to support her in the leading male characters, gave a scholarly and dignified impersonation of Cardinal Wolsey. John Jack, who made his first appearance at this theatre, made a hit as King Henry VIII, and was highly successful in copying the bluff manners of that monarch. F. B. Warde acted Cromwell conscientiously. E. Sheppard, who acted at Cincinnati during the past season, made his metropolitan debut as Cardinal Campeius, and proved to be an actor of ability. Louise Henderson, who made her first appearance here, made a charming Anne Boleyn. Annie Kemp Bowler, in the character of Agatha, sang "Orpheus with his Lute," which elicited applause. The other characters were satisfactorily performed. During the death scene of Queen Katharine, Handel's quartet, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," was effectively sung by the Misses Annie Kemp Bowler, Mabel Lyndon, Pauline Rutherford and Julia Seguin. "Henry VIII" gave place on Saturday evening to "Macbeth," which was cast as follows:

Lady Macbeth	Charlotte Cushman
Macbeth	George Vandenhoff
Macduff	E. L. Ward
Duncan	Edwin Sheppard
Banquo	C. Wheatleigh
Malcolm	C. Rockwell
Hecate	Annie Kemp Bowler
Rosse	D. E. Kalton
Lenox	E. K. Collier
Seyton	Stuart Sutton
Fleance	Lilly Naylor
Donaldbain	Louisa Byron

The scenery and costumes hitherto used at this theatre for the witches' incantations in tragedy were again seen. The acting as a whole was good, although Mr. Vandenhoff failed to thoroughly embody his excellent conception of Macbeth. Matthew Locke's original music was sung by a large number of vocalists, expressly engaged for the occasion, and the choruses given with much effect by the members of the Crescent Singing Society. The attendance was very large during the entire week, standing-room being in demand nightly, and on Saturday night many persons were unable to obtain admission. Joseph Jefferson is to begin an engagement on Nov. 9.

THE PERFORMING ANIMALS ASSOCIATION are to commence their twenty-fifth season on Oct. 30, performing, at New York Turn Hall in East Fourth street, "The Charcoal Burner" and "The Honeymoon." Since the first organization of this society, one hundred and fifty ladies have been placed before the public.

WILLIAM H. HAMBLIN, a well-known actor, and a son of the late Thomas S. Hamblin, is lying in a hospital in this city, suffering from what is believed to be a fatal illness. He is in need of pecuniary assistance to purchase food and medicines. Mr. Charles Foster, of the Bowery Theatre, is soliciting subscriptions from the members of the various dramatic theatres in this city, and the charitably-disposed can send any contributions to him at that theatre, and he will see that the money is judiciously expended.

AT THE COLOSSEUM, during the expired week, the entertainments included a musical comedietta, entitled "Going to Jerome Park," acted by Mr. Leonard, and George F. Ketchum and Miss Kate Quinton; followed by a sketch, called "A Voyage from New York to Africa," performed by Henry Gault; a concert by Miss Marian Fiske, R. Abecco and Tom Bartleman; Angie Schott's excellent entertainment of "Masks and Faces;" Prof. O'Reardon's tumblerosities; performances by the illusion called "Anthropotheus," and Moses Fiske's entertainment of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works."

HARLEM MUSIC HALL opened on Monday, Oct. 26, as a first-class variety show, under the management of Messrs. McDouall & Lynch. The company includes, among others, the following artists: Lew Cole, stage-manager; Fred Youngers, musical director; Eph Horn, Harry Kiely, Beau Martin, Billy Devere, Tommy Devere, the Warde Bros., Frank Mara, the Misses Lena Cole, Jennie Wade, Annie Devere, Craven, Lewis, Clark, Harrison and Howard. The price of admission has been fixed at 30c., with reserved seats at 50c. and 75c. Matinee performances will be given each Saturday at 1½ o'clock, when the rate will be 30c. to all parts of the house.

CHARLES FOSTER, the well-known actor and dramatist, now engaged at the Bowery Theatre, was presented by Judge B. F. Kasmire on Oct. 22 with a massive gold chain. The presentation occurred at the Warren House, and a number of the Actor's professional friends were subsequently entertained with a collation.

THE EMILY SOLDENE English Opera-bouffe company arrived from England in the steamship Celtic on Oct. 26.

VERDI'S MESSA DI REQUIEM was heard for the first time in America in St. Ann's Church, in Twelfth street, on Sunday, Oct. 25. The soloists were Henrietta Corradi, soprano; Octavie Gomien, contralto; Mr. Fritsch, tenor; and Mr. Blub, basso. Mr. Tully played the organ accompaniment, and Louis Dachauer was the conductor. There was a chorus of forty selected voices.

THE P. B. O. of ELKS are to have their annual benefit at Niblo's Garden, Thursday afternoon, November 12, when volunteers from all the places of amusement in this city will take part in the performances. See card.

BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME is to be reopened on November 2.

DRAMATIC, Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT GREEN COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office. Cards dated Sept. 1, 1874, are now issued, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves trouble by not troubling an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable, and if be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

In Memory of the Late Louie V. Coleman.

Louie V. Coleman, the subject of this sketch, was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Coleman, who have been favorably known to the American stage for several years. The three sisters—Alice, Louie and Clara—inherited much musical and hist

eccentric like impersonations. Louise Boshell appears on the slack wire, and her superior has yet to appear in this city. The Orrin Brothers and Lucia do a neat posturing act, and the Spalding Swiss Bellringers complete the list of olio artists. Georgie Dean Spalding, an old Chicago girl, by the way, was well received, though she seems to bear too large a portion of their acts. There are a number of minor people in the troupe, who do themselves credit, and who will probably some day reach the pantomimic pinnacle. Katie Randolph will commence at this house on Oct. 26, when the new company will appear for the first time..... "The Sphinx" still holds the boards at Hooley's, but will be shelved after Oct. 23. There is no room for criticism where all are so clever in their roles. To-morrow, for matinee, and at night, 'East Lynne' will be played. On Oct. 26, Bartley Campbell's new play, 'The Virginian,' will be presented for the first time on any stage. Manager Hooley also announces a revival of the Robertson comedies within a few weeks."

THE JULIE COVENTRY DRAMATIC COMPANY played at Chillicothe, O., Oct. 22, 23, 24, producing, to crowded houses, "Won at Last," "Aline (the Rose of Killarney" and "The Hidden Hand." They remain there 26, 27, 28, and appear at Parkersburg, W. Va., 29, thence to Piedmont, Grafton, Cumberland and the principal towns in Virginia. *The Daily Tribune*, New Lexington, O., of Oct. 16, in noticing the company, says:

A large and very enthusiastic audience greeted the Coventry Dramatic Company, at Opera-hall, last evening. The play, "Hidden Hand, or Lil'en Old Virginia," was exceedingly well rendered. Miss Julie Coventry as Capitola assumed her character with a dash and spirit that captivated everyone. This charming little actress grows in popularity with every performance. She is truly one of the most charming and versatile actresses we have ever seen, assuming equally well such characters as Lady Isabel and Madam Vine, Fanchon, Lady Audley, Constance in "Won at Last," Capitola, etc. To-night, being her benefit, a crowded house will be present to see her in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and from what we can learn she will be received by a packed house. The troupe have been playing to very large houses since the opening night. We wish them Godspeed and a speedy return.

MUSICAL.

C. A. POTTER, who traveled with John H. Murray's Circus during the past Summer, joins the Allegh'anians, Swiss bellringers, at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 26.

FRED. MOWRY, property or utility man and tenor horn, having just closed his engagement with Washburn's Moral Show, advertises that his services may be secured after Nov. 1.

J. HOLBROOK, second violin and alto player, advertises for an engagement with a minstrel or variety company.

MUSICIANS are wanted for the military band with Carner's New York Company. See Manager Thornton's card.

THE MISSES ALICE KELLOGG and Etta Morgan joined Spaulding's Bellringers—who are engaged for the entire season with G. L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe—at Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 19.

AT BALTIMORE, Cr., Oct. 22, James Redpath of the Boston Lyceum Bureau inaugurated a series of three musical entertainments with the appearance of Camilla Urso in concert, supported by W. H. Fessenden, tenor; Miss Clara Doria, soprano; Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, baritone; and Auguste Sauret, pianist. The attendance was large. The other entertainments are Redpath's Lyceum Opera Company in "Martha" on Nov. 5, and the Beethoven Quintet Club Nov. 12. .....Mlle. Aimee and company are to appear Oct. 28 in "La Princesse de Trebizonde."

AN ALTO SINGER is wanted for Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. Address Fred Aims, as per card.

TWO MUSICIANS advertise for engagements to travel with some first-class minstrel or theatrical company.

THE ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY is to be in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 26; Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 2; Omaha 3, 4.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA gives its first concert this season at Pike's Opera-house, in that city, Nov. 9.

THE LICHTMAY OPERA COMPANY began a season of two weeks at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, on the 19th inst. Attendance the opening week, light.

THE OPERA of "The Bohemian Girl" is to be given at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, Dec. 18, by amateurs, the solo parts being taken by Messrs. Al Newhall, George Newhall, J. C. McLaughlin, W. P. Tyrrell, Miss Lulu Stevens and Mrs. W. H. Moore.

THE SECOND CINCINNATI MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL is to come off May 11, 12, 13, 14, 1875. Theodore Thomas and Otto Singer are to be the directors.

ILMA DI MURSKA and company, under D. De Vivo, concertised at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., on the 20th inst., and attracted a good audience. The entertainment was excellent, the following artists participating: Mlle. Ilma Di Murska, Mlle. Teresa Carreno, Signori Braga and Ferranti, Miss Emma Sauret, and Herr Theodore Habelmann. The troupe will give concerts at Detroit, Mich., Nov. 4, 5.

THEO. THOMAS gave a concert at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., Oct. 24, and the Caroline Richings-Bernard Company appear there Oct. 27, 28.

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, Canada, the Aimee Opera Troupe have been drawing crowded house, with "Fille de Madame Angot," and "La Perichole." They play this week in Toronto.

THE CHESTNUT-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, was occupied during the week ending Oct. 24th, by Hassler's orchestra, consisting of thirty performers, they appearing nightly in popular concerts to a moderate attendance.

THE SAENGERBUND of Philadelphia celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary at Musical Fund Hall on Oct. 19. At the present time there are forty singers, with Prof. J. H. Bonwitz as musical director, and about 350 contributing members connected with this old and popular German singing society of the Quaker City.

A CLARIONET PLAYER, who can play horn in band, and a double and tuba players, are wanted for the Agnes Wallace-Villa Company. See advertisement.

JAMES FISH, leader of orchestra and brass band, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

THE BERGER FAMILY are to perform at Huntingdon, Pa., Oct. 26, Bedford 27, 28, Cumberland, Md., 29, Martinsburg, W. Va., 30, Chambersburg 31, Hagerstown, Md., Nov. 1, Frederick 2, Annapolis 3, Alexandria, Va., 4. Business with the troupe is reported to be good.

THE KELLOGG TROUPE did a splendid business for their closing week at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 24, they producing, for the first time in English, Ambrose Thomas' opera of "Mignon," cast as follows: Miss Clara Louise Kellogg as Mignon; Pelina, Mrs. Van Zandt; Frederick, Miss Beaumont; Lothario, Mr. Peakes; Lazotes, Mr. Seguin; Giarius, Mr. Dubrend; and Wilhelm, Mr. William Castle. The opera was repeated on Saturday night, and for the matinee a melange, consisting of acts from different operas, was offered. From there the troupe will go to Milwaukee, Wis., 26, 27, 28; Louisville, Ky., 30, 31; St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 2, to remain for two weeks; thence to Cincinnati, two weeks. Mr. William Hamilton, a new baritone in the operatic walk of life, and formerly of the Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, joined the party at Chicago, and made his operatic debut at the matinee Oct. 24. Miss Annie Beaumont, the new contralto, will be recognized in the various cities visited by Kellogg, as the singing lady of the Lydia Thompson party. Miss Beaumont has appeared to great advantage in the several roles for which she has been cast, and bids fair to win a fine position on the operatic stage. Mr. Sher. Campbell has not been able to sing, so far, this season. Letter dated Oct. 23.

MUSICAL ITEMS are received from Boston, Miss., by our correspondent as appended: "Theodore Thomas commences his series of six Symphony Concerts, to be given in Music Hall, on the evening of Oct. 28. The others will be given Nov. 11, Dec. 2, 30, Jan. 20 and Feb. 17. He gives a matinee Oct. 31, at which Emma Cranch makes her first appearance. Carlina Richings-Bernard will give a series of Old Folks Concerts, beginning Nov. 2, in Tremont Temple..... The Harvard Musical Association will give ten Symphony Concerts in Music Hall Nov. 5, 19, Dec. 3, 24, Jan. 7, 21, Feb. 11, 18, March 4, 18. The new choral club, the Cecilia, will sing with them, under the direction of B. J. Lang..... The New York Glee and Madrigal Vocalists will sing in Music Hall Nov. 4, 7..... The Parker Memorial gave a concert and reading Oct. 23 in their hall, at which Anna Stanfield, Albert Van Kaalte, T. P. Ryner, and George W. Bliss took part..... The Boylston Club holds its first public rehearsal in Horticultural Hall Oct. 30..... Myron W. Whitney sails for England Oct. 27, to fulfill a six months' engagement in London.

MISS VIOLETTA COLVILLE and Gilmore's Twenty-second Regiment band of seventy performers are to shortly start on a tour of the principal cities, under the management of samuel Colville.

VARIETY HALLS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC.—Such of our patrons as desire to advertise in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875 should send in their favors early, as the pages will soon be closed. For rates, see advertising department.

AT THE CREOLE THEATRE, New Orleans, La., "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," and the olio, remained unchanged until Oct. 19, when they gave place to "Ixion," with the Worrell Sisters in the chief characters. The burlesque was placed upon the stage with new scenery and elegant dresses, and was received with demonstrations of popular favor. In the olio Ernest and Gerald Byne performed "The Breakfast Table." At its close Ernest was recalled and loaded with floral tributes. Baby Bindley appeared in fresh acts and songs. Mr. J. Pendy made a hit in his Ethiopian specialties. Miss Josie Adams in serio-comic vocalisms, Miss Maggie Nichols in performances on slack-wire, John A. Thompson in Dutch specialties, and James Gaynor in banjo eccentricities, were all well received. The present engagement of the Worrells will terminate Nov. 9, after which they will perform under Mr. Kittredge's management, one week at Mobile..... Business has been good at Flynn's Gaiety Theatre. The event of the week was the first appearance of Baby McDonald on Oct. 19. Her songs and-dances were received with applause, and she was several times recalled. Her engagement continues four weeks. The other new appearances were Mollie Macy, banjoist and vocalist, Oct. 14, and Jennings, Sanford and Winfield, Conway and Mack. Fanny Morrello, Mollie Wilson and Kitty Stanley. Advices of Oct. 25.

JENNIE BENSON, clog'st, Baby Benson, child artist, and James Fish, leader of band and orchestra, desire to engage with a first-class traveling company. For particulary address James Fish, as per card.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is to show at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 28, March Chunk 29, Easton 30, Allentown 31, Reading Nov. 2, Pottsville 3. Mr. G. B. Harcourt and wife (former y Miss Kate O'Connor) joined the party at Honesdale Oct. 21. W. J. Chappelle, agent, closes his engagement 31, and will organize a party to do all the small towns in New York and Pennsylvania.

MLLE. ALBERTINE, dancer, and M'le. Pauline, vocalist, are to open at the Academy of Music, Galveston, Texas, Nov. 2.

VIVIAN and his troupe were at Woodland, Cal., Oct. 15, Knight's Landing 17, 19, Colusa 21, 22, 23, Princeton 24, 26.

I. DEVEAU writes sketches, etc., to order. See card.

GORMAN AND ROMER, the Dutch vocalists, have just closed an engagement at Cincinnati, O. They publish elsewhere their route, and a notice to the profession of their having copyrighted their original sketch of "Down by Dot Orchard." They would like to hear from Doc Straiter.

TALENT is wanted at the Olympic, Cleveland, O See card.

MISS BLANCHE BEAUMONT, supported by Chas. C. King, in J. W. Wallace's dramas of "Dark Deeds" and "Between Two Fires," can be engaged by addressing her manager, as per card.

THE WAITE SISTERS, in their burlesque specialties, will be open for an engagement after Nov. 23. They can be addressed as per route published in their card elsewhere.

A YOUNG MAN with Dutch and Ethiopian dialects would like an engagement. See card.

A COMPLIMENTARY CARD from Manager Shelby of the Turnipuc, Buffalo, N. Y., to Frank Hussey and party, who recently performed at this house, will be found published in another column.

JOLLY JOHN NASH, buffo-singer, now performing at the Theatre Comique, this city, where he has met with success, can be addressed as per card.

THE ADDRESS of the Weston Sisters, who have just returned from Europe, is published in our advertising department.

HARRY WATSON and LIZZIE SHERMAN, Dutch comiques, advertise that they can be engaged for the Fall and Winter season.

TOMMY BUTLER, Dutch and Irish vocalist, is open for an engagement. Address as per advertisement.

COPIES OF "LITTLE MAG THE TROUBLESOME," a new sketch for lady change or specialty artists, can be obtained of the author, Chas. E. Helm, who advertises.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Odeon, Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 19, were J. H. Larkin and Miss Carrie Armstrong, the California specialists; Little Lotta, serio-comic vocalist; Miss Agnes May, balladist; Miss Lizzie Latourneli, serio-comic vocalist; and Professor Borthwick Reed, Scotch specialty artist, who were all excellent in their different roles. The departures for the week were May and Nick Hughes and W. L. Browning. The only arrival for Oct. 26 is Billy Charles, song-and-dance. Business good.....The workmen are now busily engaged in removing all the debris of the late fire at the Baltimore Opera-house, preparatory to its being rebuilt. It is the design of the owners to erect a substantial edifice, using the entire front wall on Baltimore street. It is to be finished very neatly inside, with all the modern improvements and stage machinery, and is expected to be ready by the 1st of January. The lease of the new building is to be given to the Messrs. Kernan Bros., the former lessees. Advices dated Oct. 24.

THE SIGNOR FELIX BALLET TROUPE and Charles Benedict were the fresh arrivals at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., last week. The performances of the ballet troupe merit and receive approbation, and Charles Benedict is an excellent Ethiopian comedian. The sketch of "No. 1 on the Shelf," in which Mr. Benedict plays Pete, is provocative of much mirth. The rest of the company consists of Dick Sands, Erwin Thomas, Miss Ida Collom, Andy Collom, Geo. Skelding, Miss Lucy Clifton, G. W. Herman and H. W. Williams. The Vaidis Twin Sisters, Billy Ashcroft, Miss Kitty Brooke, and Emmerson and Clarke are an-

MARTIN'S HALL, North Adams, Mass., is advertised to rent. It has a seating capacity of eight hundred, large stage, scenery, etc.

AGNES ROBINSON and Kate Brabant (Vorhees) are referred to "G. R.'s" card in another column.

THE WINNETTS can be addressed as per advertisement.

VARIETY ARTISTS in all branches of the profession are wanted for Myer's Opera-house, Wilkesbarre, Pa. See card.

HARRY OSBORN will shortly be ready to negotiate with managers for the production of "Augustus Popinjay, or Not Such a Fool as He Looks." See advertisement.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY and Annie Braddon are at present performing at the Academy of Music, Toronto, Ont.

JULE KEEN and Sallie Adams can be addressed in care of this office.

ROUNDS commence on the 26th.

JAMES WELCH and Maude Le Moine have a card of recommendation in another part of this issue.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., Ned Read, Ada St. Clair and Signor Cappolo were the new arrivals on Oct. 19. Ned Read is very clever in negro acts, Ada St. Clair appears in serio-comic songs, and Signor Cappolo is very fine in his contortion acts. Tommy and Lotta Winnett close 24 and go to Washington; also the following: Maria Roscelle, to Detroit; Ricardo Frary and Nellie Steele, to Detroit; Fannie Gilmore, to Washington. Oct. 26, Harrison and Francis and Billy and Maggie Raymond appear.

JULE KEEN, dialect comedian, and Sallie Adams, vocalist, whose first open date is Dec. 28, can be addressed care of this office.

VARIETY NEWS from St. Louis, Mo., is thus given by our correspondent, under date Oct. 23: "Business at the Theatre Comique has been immense. Crowded houses have gathered to see the new cancan, with which Manager Mitchell has made a very decided hit. There has been only one arrival, Miss Minnie Hall, whose songs are well rendered. She is a good dresser, and her changes are excellent. Peasley and Hughes are re-engaged. The departures Oct. 24 will be Patti Rosa and the Richmond Sisters, for Indianapolis; Minnie Hall and Aubrey and Melnott. Underlined for 26: Maggie West, Mlle. Cora and the Austin Brothers.....Business at Deagle's has been excellent. Sunday evening, there was not even standing room to be had. Fred F. Levantine was well received, but Vernon and Cetti did not come up to the standard and their engagement was canceled after their first appearance. D. K. Russell, comedian, was well received in the opening sketches. Miss Madge Cole, who has been added to the stock, is an acquisition. Underlined for Oct. 26: The Reed Sisters, Billy Londis and W. C. Nordman.....P. H. Seamon left, Oct. 18, for San Antonio, Texas, to assume the management of the Theatre Comique there, miss Dora Dawron, Lester and Lang, Hattie Pierce, Mary Mathews and Jessie Blaine accompanied him."

THE BALTIMORE OPERA-HOUSE COMBINATION, comprising the Misses Amelia Dean, Maggie Wesner, Carrie Avery, Mollie Mayfield, Claudia Waters, and Messrs. Charles Vincent, Edwin French and Charley Morris, is to open a season at the Metropolitan Hall, Richmond, Va., Oct. 26, under the management of W. H. Tyler. Charles Vincent will act as stage-manager; and Louis Voelker, leader of orchestra.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did an excellent business during the past week. The newcomers, Oct. 19, were George S. Knight, the Reynolds Brothers, John Forbes, Madame Zittella, all of whom were favorably received. The departures, Oct. 24, were Harry Monroe, Grace Harris, the Reynolds Brothers, and John Forbes. The announcements for Oct. 26 are Tom and Lottie Winnett, Charles Diamond, and Cogill and Cooper.....The company at the Metropolitan Varieties, under the management of James Porter, consists of Harry W. Eagan, Tim Morris, Harry Flood, Ella Heflin, Fannie May, Josie Farron, Ada Flood, Jennie Eagan, Josie Warner, Dody Zanfretta, Cora Everett, and James Porter. The announcements for Oct. 26 are Minnie Hassan, Little May, Adelaide Nixon, and Charles Scanlon. Business fair. The rightful possession of Metropolitan Hall will be determined in our local courts during the present week. Letter dated Oct. 25.

OUR BUFFALO, N. Y., correspondent, under date of Oct. 24, says: "Varieties in Buffalo are becoming quite attractive of late, the two existing houses, those of Messrs. Shelby and Riggs is giving this city really two of the best variety theatres in the country. At Shelby's Terrace Theatre, last week's programme has been especially entertaining, and the bill offered nightly has drawn rapturous applause from the patrons of the Comique. In fact, all the variety talent that will put in an appearance on Oct. 26 are: J. H. Emerson, Gus Mills, Dan Shelby and wife (Blanche Castle).....At the Adelphi, Mr. Riggs has been giving a programme that has been both varied and attractive. Venus and Adonis, the Foy Sisters, Johnny Shay, Alex. Davis and Nellie Burns being the principal stars. Recent departures are Venus and Adonis. Those coming Oct. 26 will be Annie Morgan and Clarke and Edwards."

PROF. ALEX. DAVIS, ventriloquist, publishes elsewhere several complimentary notices from the Philadelphia press.

THE LA CLAIRS, Shed and John, specialty artists, publish a complimentary notice from *The Boston News*, and notify managers that they can be engaged by addressing as per card.

ANDY AND IDA COLLOM, variety artists, announce their first open date as Nov. 9. Elsewhere they publish a complimentary card from Managers Gardner and Trimble, Pittsburg, Pa.

LANE'S THEATRE, Rochester, N. Y., has been closed for want of patronage. W. J. Gilmore returned to Philadelphia Oct. 21.

TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Lillie Raymond, serio-comic, opened on Oct. 19, and Charley Fox, Dutch and Ethiopian comedian, on Oct. 22.

HARRY BROWN, the "London Comique," writes from Washington, D. C., under date of Oct. 23, that by the burning of the Baltimore Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., several of the performers suffered heavy loss. He says: "Mlle. Zittella lost a portion of her wardrobe and music; Miss Carry Avery lost heavily; H. W. Eagan and the Collyer Brothers lost everything; and I lost the whole of my stage properties and valuable new music, amounting to $300. In fact, the whole company lost more or less."

SHERIDAN, MACK & DAY'S COMBINATION closed a season of five performances at Richmond, Va., Oct. 24.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., there were no changes in the company during the past week.

SIG. COLUMBUS, Gorman and Romer, Gus Peters, Mlle. Annetta, Jennie Oates and Laura Bernard were the new people appearing at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on Oct. 19. "The Happy Deitcher Couple" of Gus Peters and Mlle. Annetta took the audience by storm. Laura Bernard sings well, but don't appear to be in great favor with the "boys." Gorman and Romer are recalled three and four times nightly. Frank Lum, who is quite a favorite at this house, also appeared on the 19th, and met with a cordial reception. The business has been moderate of late. Departures 24: the Austin Brothers and Mlle. Cora, to St. Louis, Mo.; Gorman and Romer, to Syracuse, N. Y. Advices of Oct. 23.

GEO. F. MOORE and Kittie Henderson were the new faces at the Odeon, Newark, N. J., on Oct. 19. Kittie Henderson does a neat clog dance, dresses with good taste, and is altogether a performer of acknowledged ability and talent. Geo. Moore in Dutch and negro specialities proved himself an artist of merit and at once became a favorite. Business continues good. Sergeant Burk closed Oct. 24, and goes to Ward's Varieties, Portland, Me.

MAYNARD & MUNSON, managers of Orchestrion Hall, New Haven, Ct., advertise for performers, especially lady artists.

COOPER AND FIELDS, song-and-dance, opened at the Grand Central Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., on Oct. 19. Allie Dreyon and the Allen Brothers are billed for Oct. 26.

HARLEM MUSIC HALL, this city, is now open. The managers advertise elsewhere for first-class talent, especially lady artists.

COOPER AND FIELDS, song-and-dance, opened at the Opera-house, Bridgeport, Ct., on Oct. 21, to a moderate attendance. Charley Shay in feats of juggling, the Nat Rogers Family in classical groupings, and Charley Mourice in a stump speech, were the most noticeable features of the show.

A LADY VOCALIST and a young man who plays the organ, piano or violin want an engagement with a traveling parlor company. Both play farces, etc. Address "Harmony," care of this office.

WM. J. GILMORE, late the manager of Lane's Variety Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., returned to Philadelphia on the 23d inst.

AT THE DETROIT, MICH., VARIETY THEATRE business since the opening has been very good. On the 19th the new stars were Barney Quinn, who was fair in Irish acts; Minnie Gray, a favorite, who was received handsomely; Cerito, who did not meet with great success, for, as a dancer, she was only mediocre, but as a change artist was immense, her wardrobe being exceedingly fine, and her changes made in very quick time. Hooley and Thompson rank high as song-and-dance men; they should remember, however, that they were playing before a lady audience. Belcher and Frost (colored) made quite a hit in their Southern musical scenes, though, from want of experience, they are a little crude. Charles H. Adams closed the performance with an excellent pantomime, well cast and well enacted. Den and Lillie Howe opened on the 22d for the season. Mr. Howe taking the stage-management. W. S. Shedman also appeared in a club-swinging act to good advantage. The following close on the 25th: Chas. Young, Barney Quinn, Mons. Florentine, Annie Williams and Mlle. Zoby, the last three going to Louisville, Ky. Johnny Connor, Leo Rudolphe, Harry Gardner, and Marie Rose le are announced for the 27th..... At the Theatre Comique on the 19th J. C. Murphy, an old-timer, and Glenn and Williams, song-and-dancists, made their bow, receiving applause. The Female Minstrels proved to be a big card, as also did 'The Forty Female Jack Sheppards,' crowded houses being the result. The following close on the 24th: Glenn and Williams, to Cleveland; Billy and Maggie Ray, Walter Wentworth, the Clinetops, Jack Noonan, Alice Bateman, Gus Mills, to Buffalo; Tom Warfield, to Louisville; Rosa Lee, to New York. For the 26th are announced Mlle. Angelina, Sallie, Ricardo Frary, Nellie Steele, Susie Starr, Dewitt Cook, Kearney and Moran..... In town, H. Libby and wife (Kate Partington), Miss May Williams and Eugene Gorman. Advices dated Oct. 23.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Oct. 23 is sent as appended by our correspondent: "The National has had almost an entirely new company this week. The programme opened with the negro sketch of 'Forty Winks,' in which John De Angelis appeared, and showed himself a clever Ethiopian comedian. He was laughably supported by John McVeigh and Master T. J. De Angelis. Willie Fount, pretty, petite and young, next sang ballads very acceptably, and was followed by Dibolo, in feats of fire-eating. Little Sallie Angells, in character changes, came next, and proved one of the best child-artists on the stage. Hugh McNanny's clog dance followed fifth in order, and did well. John and William Victorelli were the lads who succeeded, and fairly caught the house by storm with their carpet gymnastics. McVey, De Angelis and McNanny next evoked considerable laughter in an Ethiopian sketch, called 'A Patent Rat-trap,' after which Gilday and Giniven appeared in songs-and-dances, which were good and successful. Master and Miss De Angelis then gave a pantomimic, but rapid boat carnival, which elicited good enough barring its length, after which Celia and Belle Herl appeared in a pretty little act styled 'No,' and made quite a hit. They have both greatly improved since last here, some four years ago. A sensation drama, called 'The Cincinnati Newsboy,' lasting about forty minutes, formed the winding up of the Varieties Theatre, where the house is nightly packed. Weaver and Hasson, the Brandt Sisters, and Vaudoo were the fresh appearances on Oct. 19, each and all of whom have proved strong cards. Billy Hasson and Add Weaver occupied the ends in the first part, and afterwards they, with Vaudoo, accompanied him, in 'Uncle Jeff's Return,' which was well received. The Brandt Sisters gave a double song-and-dance, followed by a double jig, both of which were excellent. Vaudoo, a Hindoo, gave a performance of his barrel mystery, which created a great sensation, it resembling in many respects the Davenport cabinet trick, although it is more wonderful. The performer being securely tied and placed in a barrel, also sealed and tied, unloosens himself and emerges from the barrel without displacing the seals or ropes with which the barrel is bound. No departures and no definite arrivals for the 26th, Kelly left Oct. 24."

THE OLYMPIC, Brooklyn, N. Y., was well patronized last week, and is proving itself a favorite resort for the lovers of the variety. At this theatre, on the 26th, Antonio Sartoi, the three-legged dancer, makes his first appearance in America; also first appearance of Lady and Annie Hughes, Ada Gresham, and Barney Ryan, with the charming vocalist Adelaide Miller.

SUSIE MURDOCK and Viola Wray closed at the Theatre Comique, Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 24, going to St. Joseph. Joe Taylor, banjoist, his wife, vocalist, and little daughter, change artist, are to open 26.

AT LAVARNE'S NOVELTY THEATRE, Wheeling, W. Va., which was opened for the season on Oct. 17, the following performers have been playing: Bryan O'Lynn, Irish vocalist; Lo-Lo Harry, a child three years of age, in Grecian and Roman statuary; Delia, serio-comic; Fox Vickers and Sully, song-and-dance; A. Hughes, Ethiopian delineator; Tommy Harrison, comedian; Tommy Morrissey, jig dancer; Maud Davenport, vocalist; and Alfred and Teresa Spreinger, duettists. T. Lavarnie is the proprietor, and A. Dubois, manager.

VARIETY TALENT, especially female, is wanted at the Columbia Varieties, South Brooklyn, N. Y. See card.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS are requested, in an advertisement, to send open dates to Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MLLE. LE FEVRE and L. Laiscelle, acrobats and gymnasts, announce their first open date as March 1. Mlle. Le Fevre is a native of New Orleans, La.

JOE LOCWOD, Dutch and negro comedian, advertises that he is open for an engagement.

CHARLES M'GINNIS' GEM COMEDY CONSTELLATION performed at Sparta, Ill., Oct. 21, 22, 23, Murphysboro 24, where they are to remain 26, 27. The company includes Charles M'Ginnis, Lena and May Carrera, Miss Lorraine, Harry Lorraine, Mark P. Quigley, Harry Newell and an Italian orchestra, consisting of Giovanni Curcio, Giovanni Passalaqua, Michele Curcio and Vincenzio Trocculla.

"THE GAY AND FILY" PANTOMIME COMPANY, a new organization of specialty artists, for which Chas. H. Keeshin is agent, will commence a traveling season Nov. 9.

ISIDORE'S GARDEN, Providence, R. I., continues to attract good-sized audiences, under Manager Shorey. Two important changes last week. May Florence, Ella Mayo and Brandt Sisters announced for this week..... Work is rapidly progressing on the new variety theatre. Mr. Hill, the artist, is to begin work this week, and the managers expect to have everything ready for the opening, November 16.

BLANCHE STANLEY, serio-comic vocalist, at present performing in Philadelphia, is very favorably noticed by the press of that city, extracts from which appear in another column.

THE DEPARTURES from Ward's, Fall River, Mass., Oct. 24, were Burton Stanley and Andy Cariand, to Portland; Nellie St. Johns and Ida Campbell, to New York; Conway and Mack, to Hartford, Ct. For Oct. 26 the Ainsleys—Ned, Willie and L. Pauline—Jessie Howard, Alice Deane, J. S. Robinson, leader of orchestra, and J. R. Walsh, cornet soloist, are announced. Business through the week has been good..... The Novelties seems to be laboring heavily under a streak of bad luck, as the business is light, although they have a strong company. The following closed Oct. 24: May Florence, Ella Mayo, the Warren Sisters, Frank Lawson, Willie Wells and John Webster. To open 26: Jennie Hindle, Ada Laurens and Wenona Bridges..... At the Carrollton, business has been moderately good. Dave Mack, the Robinson Family, Tom Hodges and Miss Cravens took their departure Oct. 24, to be replaced 26 by Nellie McDonald, Maggie Adams, Departures 24: the Austin Brothers and Mlle. Cora, to St. Louis, Mo.; Gorman and Romer, to Syracuse, N. Y. Advices of Oct. 23.

PAUL ALLEN of Lester and Allen, song-and-dancer, lately traveling with Sheridan, Mack & Day's Combination, is lying dangerously ill at his home in Baltimore, Md.

FRANK HUSSEY, while recently performing at Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., was presented by Manager Dan Shelby with a gold-headed ebony walking stick, appropriately inscribed.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS are very strong this season, embracing some of the best people in the profession, among whom may be found Messrs. Carncross, Dixey, J. M. Budworth, Bobby Newcomb, H. Lehr, Matt Wheeler, W. H. Henry, Lamont, R. Fraser, Charles, and others. Bobby Newcomb's extravaganza—"The Border Lily, or Snakefoot Jim the Modoc"—was produced last week, and lo! the poor red man made things very lively, getting off puns and scalps with equal facility, and burning people at the stake, regardless of expense. J. L. Carncross sang, in a feeling manner, "Silver Threads are in his Hair," and Henry and Lamont also gave sentimental vocalisms. Budworth's imitations were liberally applauded, especially his memories of Edwin Forrest. The ends are well kept up by Dixey and Moran, who, without remorse, toil a number of the most excruciatingly amusing gags, some of which are brandnew. Some men delight in being at the head of their profession, but Messrs. Dixey and Moran prefer being at "the end." Altogether, the troupe are giving a series of very enjoyable entertainments to a correspondingly liberal attendance.

KELLY AND LEON, at Chicago, Ill., produced the Offenbachian absurdity entitled "Ching Chow Hi," which, however, they have completely Americanized. The burlesque requires the entire company to fill out the cast, and all did well. Preceding the opera comes a capital first-part, and the following sketches: "The Wrong Man," with John Hart as that fellow, and Surridge and Lester as parties who made the mistake; "Who Died First?" by Manning, Schoolcraft, Coes and Kaype. Walters and Morton gave their artistic songs-and-dances and character burlesques. The attendance was very good.

HARRY STANWOOD is still seriously ill at Cobourg, Cnt., having had another relapse. He will be pleased to hear from his friends.

AT MECHANICS' HALL, Montreal, Canada, Cool Burgess' Minstrels are billed for one week, commencing Oct. 26.

IA RUE'S MINSTRELS and Hammall's Serenaders are to show at St. Catherine's, Ont., Oct. 27.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS are to appear at Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 27.

HAVILY'S MINSTRELS performed in Augusta, Ga., Oct. 22, Atlanta 23, 24. Route: Charleston, S. C., 26, 27, 28, Columbia 29, Charlotte 30, Raleigh 31. They are the best ever down that way, says our correspondent.

LA RUE'S MINSTRELS are to be at Toledo, O., Oct. 26.

PROF. ALEX. DAVIS, the clever ventriloquist and mimic, was the fresh feature of attraction with Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, Philadelphia, on and after Oct. 19. Prof. Davis closes 31. The attendance was excellent last week.

AT CLAYMENT, boss soloist and comedian, notifies managers, in a card elsewhere, that he has accepted an engagement with Harry Robinson's Minstrels.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are to perform at Washington, D. C., Oct. 26, 27, Baltimore, Md., 28, 29, 30, Lancaster, Pa., 31, Harrisburg, Nov. 2, Williamsport 3, Elmira, N. Y., 4, Rochester 5, Lockport 6, Buffalo 7, 9, and St. Louis, Mo., during Christmas week.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS have filled in another week at Myers' Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., and following their first-part came an olio which included two new people: Polly Daly in serio-comic vocalisms, and Abe Cox in barnyard imitations, which are very clever. The attendance has been very good. Lock Warwick, comedian, opened with the Georgia Minstrels on Oct. 19.

CIRCUSES.

THE GREAT CHICAGO SHOW (formerly Baird, Howell & Co.'s Circus) is to perform at Gordonsville, Va., Oct. 24, Goochland 27, Palmyra 28, Columbia 29, New Canton 30, Buckingham 31, Burksville Nov. 3, Marysville 4, Republican Grove 5, Meadville 6, Chatham 7, thence through North Carolina.

HILLIARD & HAMILTON'S PACIFIC COMBINATION AND INDIAN SHOW is to close its season at Chagrin Falls, O., and goes into Winter quarters at Windsor and Orwell, Ct. The party, which was accompanied by Ill., April 22 last, with fifty horses, and has traveled over 3,400 miles and only lost one horse. The fore part of the season was made in southeast Missouri, being the first canvas show in the greater portion of the stands in five years. Biz has been very large, the proprietors having received more money than ring any other season in the past eight years. The show will take the road for the season of 1875 about April 20.

M. S. BODKIN, an attache of Forepaugh's Circus, has issued a neat little pamphlet, which contains the name of every person connected with the show; a programme of the performances given, and the route traveled during their season, which closed Oct. 24. Some three hundred and fifty copies were issued to the members of the organization.

E. W. PERRY and family, with four horses, can be engaged. Address as per advertisement.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS is to close the season at Greensburg, Ind., Oct. 28, and go thence to Connersville, where the show will quarter for the winter.

BUCKLEY'S ROMAN HIPPODROME is to exhibit at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 30, 31, thence on a tour of the South.

J. E. WARNER'S CIRCUS closed for the season at Eaton Rapids, Mich., on Oct. 17. They report good business throughout the season. During the last performance the company called into the ring Messrs. Warner, Henderson & Spingler, and presented E. Warner a splendid bible, to Jo Henson, a fine Remington fowling-piece; and to A. J. Springer, a gold watch said to be valued at $150. E. Falling, recently of Warner's Circus, goes to Niles, Mich., to spend the Winter.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME continued to attract large audiences in Cincinnati, O., last week. Balloon ascensions were made on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. On the Saturday previous a balloon burst while being inflated. The season in Cincinnati closed on the 24th, and the concern was then to be shipped to New York, it being too late in the season to visit St. Louis and Chicago. P. T. Barnum and wife spent last week in Cincinnati. Letter dated Oct 23.

A. CULLEN and George Bronson are to sail from Baltimore, Md., on or about Dec. 15, for the West Indies, where they intend showing during the winter. They have secured a number of the choicest animals belonging to Forepaugh's aggregation.

A DIVER NAMED BARBER, attached to Forepaugh's Aggregation, was severely injured recently by falling from one of the cages. He was left at the Providence Hospital, Terre Haute, Ind., and the members of the company contributed over $200 for his relief.

THE PULLMAN BROTHERS have secured the privileges with Forepaugh's Aggregation for the season of 1875. They will Winter their stock at Girard, Pa.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S SHOW is billed at Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 26, Goshen 27, Ligonier 28, Albion 29, Columbia City 30, Terre Haute 31, where they close their season, and then go into Winter quarters at Connersville.

SIGNORA SEBASTIAN SWEET, with her manege horse, and Josephine Sweet, juvenile bareback equestrienne, can be engaged by addressing E. W. Woolcott, as per card.

GEORGE H. ADAMS, professionally known as Grimaldi Adams, and Miss Rosina Cook, both members of W. W. Cole's N. Y. and N. O. Circus Company, were married at Galveston, Texas, Oct. 19.

COLE'S DOMINION CIRCUS closed the season at St. Thomas, Ont., Oct. 21, and several persons connected with the show inform us that the performers, band and workmen were not paid their salaries."

THE JACKLEY FAMILY announce through a

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ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 30 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1875.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875, which will be published in December, will doubtless have a large circulation, and our patrons will find it an invaluable medium for placing their business cards under the permanent notice of their customers, and proprietors of halls and operahouses will find an announcement in it a valuable adjunct to their standing advertisements in THE CLIPPER.

We are now prepared to receive advertisements at the following rates and on our usual cash terms: For one page, 7¾x10½in., $40; half a page, $20; quarter of a page, $10; a space of 25x31 ems agate, $5.

Advertisements should be sent in early so as to secure a good position.

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MIKE GALLAGHER, IRISH COMEDIAN, VOCALIST AND ONE OF THE BEST DANCERS IN THE COUNTRY, would like to travel as guide or specialty artist, with any first-class panorama or variety company. Address care of CLIPPER office. 31-1t*

THE LITTLE ROCK OPERA-HOUSE was opened Oct. 12, under the management of Messrs. Allen and Johnson. Mr. John A. Stevens and Miss Carlotto as the attractions. Monday and Tuesday, "Robert of Woodleigh" was presented, Wednesday and Thursday, "Enoch Arden." Friday and Saturday, "Daniel Boone." Business good all week. Chas. Pope commences Oct. 19, in "Macbeth." 31-1t*

WANTED, AN ENGAGEMENT AS STAGE CARPENTER in a regular or Variety Theatre. Will run properties if required. The best of references given if required. Salary low if sure. Address A. D. PECK, Box 2,007, Toronto, Ont. 31-1t*

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Owing to the unabated demand to hear her marvelously successful lectures on
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TO MANAGERS.—An experienced Agent or programmer desires a position with a Dramatic or Musical party or star. Address D. Jones, 410 N. 7th st., St. Louis, Mo. 31-1t*

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MANAGERS, ATTENTION!—I would like to engage with some traveling company to learn the profession; am a passable reader; have had some experience; willing to make myself useful. Address W. H. C., care GEO. H. GEER, Syracuse, N. Y. 31-1t*

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